

P E R I A N D E R.

4

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL

I N

LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS

*At Bello audacis Populi, vexatus & armis
Finibus Extorris, Complexu avulsus Iuli,
Auxilium imploret videatque indigna suorum
Funera*

Et credit ante diem mediâque inhumatus arenâ.

Virg.



L O N D O N: Printed,

And D U B L I N Re-printed by GEORGE FAULKNER
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FRANKLIN

THE

ROYAL

NAVY



BRITISH MUSEUM

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EPILOGUE,

By a Friend

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER.

T Here stands our Bard,—poor Wretch in such a Fright!
Think, Ladies, on the Fears of a First Night.

The Fears!—'tis well,—but Ladies, You, we know,
Can quickly make those Fears in Pleasure flow:
Tho' for a while he droops, You quickly can
Raise him to Life, and warm him into Man.

As for the Criticks,——Those I'll take in hand;
Bless me!——I vow,——here seems a frightful Band
Of some, who come to judge, and some for——Fun,
Some, who would shew they've Wit, and some, they've none:
Authors, who damn because they can't succeed,
Foplings, who censure what they cannot read.
These, while the Work of Envy they perform,
Roar in the Tumult, and enjoy the Storm.

But know, the Author's Champion I appear,
And for ten Nights dare you to meet me here.
Nay,—don't ye,—hideous Creatures! don't ye frown,
I soon shall find a way to take ye down.
And shall——before we part,—shall make you say,
You're satisfy'd,—extreamly—with the Play.

Yet, when all's done, this Bard provokes my Spleen,
What!——stab so loving, and so chaste a Queen!
To draw his Dagger!——that a Husband's Play!
Husbands should kill us in a different Way.
Kill us with Kindness,—let 'em if they can,
That Way each Woman dares to face her Man.

Our Author's young, then take him to your Care,
The Youth were always Fav'rites of the Fair.
If you approve, no Critick dares to frown,
But grows polite, and lays Ill-manners down.
The British Fair can never smile in vain,
One Smile from them o'er-pays an Age of Pain.

AN EPILOGUE TO PERIANDER,

● Written by a FRIEND:

Design'd to have been spoken by Mrs. Buchanan in the Character of *Melissa*.

WELL, Sirs, this Scene of Tragick Sorrow's past,
Thank Heav'n we're all in Statu quo at last;
Corinth to Liberty again restor'd,
And I to Life——to chuse another Lord:
Our Author dext'rously made me away,
Before he brought his Common-wealth in play,
My Eyes had still maintain'd a Regal Sway
Was is not hard——to make a Queen forego
Her State——This all our City Ladies know.
And then for Procles——why I'd surely had him
If but t'avoid that odious Word——plain Madam;
On Pow'r alone depends a Woman's Fate,
We covet——not the Man——but his Estate;
Besides—the Diff'rence 'twixt a Chamber-reason,
And that impos'd on me——forsooth! a Prison:
A while at least the Tyrant shou'd have feign'd,
Corinth no more her Freedom then had gain'd,
Nor I—a Martyr—but a Princess reign'd.

But since the perjur'd Periander's Fall
In general Ruin thus involv'd us all,
Let ev'ry gen'rous Fair indulge a Tear,
Well did we suffer—to be pity'd here:
The Liberty these happy Kingdoms boast,
Were fruitless——shou'd Humanity be lost;
Yet tho' the Vanquish'd may Compassion claim,
And 'tis a Debt to Periander's Fame,
So will our Pity own a nobler Cause
Of dying Freedom, and expiring Laws;
And let this fav'rite Maxim stand confess'd,
(May Heav'n deep root it in each Briton's Breast)
That all the Virtues, tho' they meet in one,
Can never for a Tyrant's Name atone.

To his *Royal Highness* the

PRINCE:

S I R,
WHEN Poetry lies under so general a Discouragement, it is a Presumption to appear as an Author, unless under the Protection of so Illustrious a Name, as Your **ROYAL HIGHNESS's**.

Neglected as Plays at present are, a Love of them will always be esteem'd a Proof of an Elegant, and Refin'd Understanding: And it is a Justice due to your **ROYAL HIGHNESS's** Condescension, that your frequent Appearance is not wanting to Establish once more, as Fashionable, a Taste for Entertainments, the only Publick Ones, that carry in them any Instruction.

Where so many Aimable Qualities center, as in Your **ROYAL HIGHNESS**, it is difficult to forbear the Praises they deserve; yet where so much Deference is, I am fearful of giving Your **ROYAL HIGHNESS** too much Pain, by the Pleasure in which I could indulge my self on such a Theme.

I am,

S I R,

Your **ROYAL HIGHNESS's**

most Obedient, most Humble,

and most devoted Servant,

B

JONH TRACY



THE

History of Periander,

KING of Corinth:

Extracted from the most Authentick
Greek and Latin Historians,

And the Chevalier Ramsay's C T R U S.

By a Gentleman of Cambridge.

PERIANDER was the Son of Cypselus the Usurper of Corinth, whom he succeeded in his Dominion and Tyranny. He was born in the last Year of the twenty ninth Olympiad, and reign'd about forty four Years.

He was at first indeed more mild than his Father, but afterwards having contracted a strict Friendship with *Thrasylbulus*, Tyrant of *Miletus*, he became far more cruel. He sent one to consult that Tyrant how he might manage his Affairs and govern the *Corinthians* with the greatest Security. *Thrasylbulus* carry'd the Ambassador out of the City into a Field of Corn, where he cut down and threw away all the tallest Blades. 'till he had thereby destroy'd the best and fairest of the Wheat. When he had done this quite thro' the Field, he dismiss'd the Ambassador without any other Message.

At his Return, *Periander* was earnest to know *Thrasylbulus*'s Answer, but he assur'd him he had receiv'd none, and wond'ring that he sent him to such a Mad-

Madman as destroy'd his own Goods; he related what Havock he had made in the Corn-field. *Periander* presently imagin'd that *Thrasibulus*, by this Action, advis'd him to put the most eminent Citizens to Death without Distinction of Friends or Foes: And in *Diogenes Laertius* we find a Letter from *Thrasibulus* to *Periander*, which shews that he was very right in his Conjecture; therefore he exercis'd all Manner of Cruelties in *Corinth*, and by Death and Banishment extirpated those who had escap'd the Fury of his Father.

Some Authors, particularly *Diogenes Laertius*, ascribe the Invention of most Ways whereby Tyranny is establish'd. and kept up, to *Periander*: They will have it that he was the first Prince that was attended with arm'd Men for his Guard, of whom *Suidas* says he had three hundred, and that to prevent the *Corinthians* from caballing against him, he forbade them to keep any Servants, invented something every Day to keep them employ'd, and fin'd those whom he saw loitering in the publick Places. He also invented Vessels with three Branches of Oars which he us'd in both Seas, and attempted to dig the *Isthmus* off from the Continent:

It is justly observ'd by *M. Bayle*, that tho' *Periander* was reckon'd one of the seven wise Men of Greece, it had been better to have placed him among the most wicked Men that ever liv'd: For besides his other Acts of Tyranny, he stripp'd the *Corinthian* Women of all their rich Attire, to enable him to make a Golden Statue which he had vow'd to the Gods. He committed Incest with *Cratea* his own Mother, kill'd his Wife *Melissa*, the most beautiful, virtuous, and courageous Princess of her Time; caus'd his Concubines to be burnt because their Calumnies had expos'd him against her, and disinherited and banished his young Son *Lycophron*, because he lamented the Death of his Mother. *Laertius* says, that his Wife's true Name was *Lysis*, tho' he call'd her *Melissa*; and *Arboreus*, that he first fell in Love with her seeing her in a *Peloponesian* Dress

Dress in her Petticoat without a Gown, giving Drink to her Father's Workmen.

Herodotus tells us, that when he had kill'd his Wife *Melissa*, He found that Calamity attended by another. She left him two Sons, one of Seventeen, and another of Eighteen Years of Age, whom *Procles* sent for to his Court and caress'd with great Tenderness. When he dismiss'd them, he said, Do you know, Children, who kill'd your Mother? *Cypselus* the elder, made no Reflection on these Words; but the younger, whose Name was *Lycophron*, returning to *Corinth* full of Resentment, and detesting the Murderer of his Mother, disdain'd either to speak to his Father, or to make any Answer to the Questions he ask'd; till at last *Periander* in a great Rage turn'd him out of Doors; and afterwards enquir'd of the elder Brother, what Discourse they heard from *Procles*. He acquainted him, That they had been receiv'd by *Procles* in the kindest Manner, not giving the least Hint of the Words he said at their Departure, because they had made no Impression on his Mind. But *Periander* insisting that *Procles* had undoubtedly given him some Instructions, ply'd him with so many Questions, that at last the young Man recollected, and repeated the Words to his Father, who laid them so much to Heart, that he resolv'd to treat his Son without the least Indulgence, and forbad the Persons that had given him Reception to harbour him any longer. *Lycophron* being remov'd from this House, retir'd to another, and being expell'd from thence in like manner, by the Menaces and positive Commands of *Periander*, he betook himself to a third, where he was receiv'd as the Son of *Periander*, tho' the Persons concern'd were not without Fear of the Father's Displeasure. At last, *Periander*, by an Edict, forbad all Persons to entertain or converse with him, under Penalty of a certain Fine to be apply'd to the Temple of *Apollo*. Upon this, every Body shunning his Company, he resolv'd to repair to the publick Places, without making any farther Trial of his Friends in such desperate Circumstances.

But on the fourth Day after this Resolution, *Periander* finding him disfigur'd by Want and Nastiness, began to relent; and approaching him with Compassion, said, Son,

Hadst

Hadst thou rather lead this wretched Life, than qualify thy self, by obeying me, for the Enjoyment of all my Power and Riches? Thou who art my Son, and a Prince in the rich City of Corinth, hast chose a Vagabond Life, by disobeying and exasperating me: For that Misfortune which so much troubles thee sits the heavier at my Heart, because the Fact was perpetrated by my own Hands. Therefore, as I doubt not that thou hast sufficiently learnt, by this Time, how much better 'tis to be envy'd than pity'd, and how prejudicial it is to provoke a Parent, and a Man of Power; I give thee Leave to return Home.

To this Admonition Lycophron made no other Answer, than that he had incur'd the Penalty of his own Edict by speaking to him. So that Periander perceiving his Son's incurable Obstinacy, sent him by Sea to Corcyra, which was a Part of his Dominions; and then made War with Procles. Laertius mentions an Epistle which Periander sent to Procles, as follows. We unwillingly committed that Crime upon Melissa, but if you willingly alienate my Son's Affection from me, you do unjustly, therefore, either soften his Mind toward me, or I shall revenge this Injury. I have satisfy'd Melissa, by burning the Garments of all the Women of Corinth, to her Honour.

At length Periander growing old, and perceiving he cou'd no longer attend the Administration of publick Affairs, he sent for Lycophron from Corcyra, to take the Government upon him, because Cypselus his eldest Son was a Fool; but Lycophron wou'd not vouchsafe to give the Messenger an Audience. Nevertheless Periander, still fond of the young Man, sent another Message to him by his own Daughter, Lycophron's Sister, thinking she might prevail with him to return.

At her Arrival she accosted him in these Terms; Child, said she, hadst thou rather see thy Father's Dominions fall into the Hands of others, and our Family utterly destroyed than return to Corinth, and take Possession of all? Come away from this Place, and cease to punish thy self. Obstinacy is an inauspicious

ous Quality: Think not to cure one Evil by another. Many have prefer'd Equity before the Rigour of Justice; and many have lost their Paternal Inheritance by pursuing a Maternal Claim. A Kingdom is an uncertain Possession, courted by numerous Pretenders. Thy Father is old and infirm: Let nothing therefore prevail with thee to abandon to others the Advantages which belong to thy self.

Thus she press'd him with these Exhortations, as she had been instructed by her Father. But Lycophron refusing to comply, assured her he would never return to Corinth, till he heard their Father was dead.

With this Answer his Sister departed; and having informed the Father of what had passed, he sent a third Message by a Herald to acquaint his Son, that he himself design'd to retire to Corcyra; and commanded him to return in order to take immediate Possession of the Government. To this Proposal Lycophron consented; and as Periander was preparing to remove to Corcyra, and his Son to Corinth, the Corcyreans inform'd of the Design, and unwilling to receive Periander into their Country, put the young Man to Death. To revenge this Murder, Periander form'd a villainous Design against the Inhabitants of the Island of Corcyra; which was, to send their Youths to Alyattes King of Sardis, to be castrated; but the Ships which carried those innocent Victims putting into Samos, the Boys were sav'd from the Misery to which he had destin'd them.

Diogenes Laertius does not specify the Number of those Lads, but Herodotus says they were no less than three hundred, of the best Families in the Island.

The Manner of their Preservation is thus recorded by Herodotus:

When the Corinthian Ships which transported them were drove upon the Island Samos, the Inhabitants of that Island knowing for what purpose they were bound to Sardis, advis'd the Boys to take Sanctuary in the Temple of Diana; and forbade the Corinthians to use any violent Means to remove them, because they were under

under the Protection of that Goddess. When the Corinthians refus'd to give them Sustainance, the Samians on that account, instituted a Festival, which they observe to this Day: For at Night, while the young Suppliants were in Diana's Temple, they assembled the Lads and Lasses of their Island to dance, and gave them certain Cakes to throw to the Corcyrean Youth, while they were dancing, for their Support. This Practice they continued till the Corinthians, weary of attending, thought fit to depart from Samos, leaving the Youths, whom the Samians sent home to Corcyra.

In order to make the History of Periander as complete as possible, we shall add the following Account from the *Travels of Cyrus*.

Periander's Father, Cypselus, after having reign'd above thirty Years, and satiated his Passions, began to be troubled with Remorse, reflected with Horror upon his Usurpation, and resolv'd to free the Corinthians from their Slavery; but Death prevented him. A little before he expir'd, he call'd his Son Periander to him, and made him swear to restore his Countrymen to their Liberty: But the young Prince, blinded by his Ambition, quickly forgot his Oath; and this was the Source of all his Misfortunes.

The Corinthians sought to destroy him and rose in Arms against him several times; but he subdued the Rebels, and strengthen'd his Authority more and more, particularly by his Marriage with Melissa the Heiress of Arcadia.

Several Years after that Marriage, Periander declared War against the Corcyreans, and put himself at the Head of his Troops. The Corinthians revolting again in his Absence, Melissa shut her self up in the Fortrefs, vigorously sustain'd the Siege of it, and sent to demand Succour of Procles, King of Epidaurus, who had always seem'd a faithful Friend to Periander.

But Procles, who had long form'd a Project of extending his Dominion over all Greece, took Advantage of this Juncture to seize Corinth, which he consider'd

sider'd as a City very proper to be the Capital of a great Empire, and therefore came before it with a numerous Army, and took it in a few Days.

Melissa, who was ignorant of his Designs, open'd the Gates of the Fortrefs, and receiv'd him as her Deliverer, and the Friend of her Husband.

Procles being Master of *Corinth*, fix'd his Residence there, and gave *Periander* to understand that he must content himself with reigning at *Corcyra*, which that Prince had just conquer'd.

Melissa quickly found that Usurpation was not the only Crime of which *Procles* was capable. He had entertain'd a violent Passion for her, and he try'd all Means to satisfy it. After having in vain employ'd both Caresses and Menaces, he inhumanly caus'd her to be shut up with her Son *Lycophron* in a high Tower situate upon the Borders of the Sea.

In the mean while, *Periander* was inform'd of *Procles*'s Treachery, and of his Love for *Melissa*. He was at the same time assur'd, that she had not only favour'd the Tyrant's perfidious Designs, but answer'd his Passion.

The King of *Corinth* listen'd too easily to these Calumnies. Jealousy took Possession of his Heart, and he yielded himself up to its Fury. He equip'd a great Fleet and embark'd for *Corinth*, before *Procles* cou'd put himself in a Posture of Defence. He was just entring the Port, when a violent Storm rose and disper'd his Ships. *Melissa*, who knew not *Periander*'s Sentiments, was actually blessing the Gods for her approaching Deliverance, when she saw part of the Fleet perish before her Eyes. The rest, being driven on the Coast of *Africa*, were there cast away, but that Vessel only in which *Periander* was, escap'd the Fury of the Tempest.

He return'd to *Corcyra*, where he fell into a deep Melancholy. He had Courage enough to bear up under the Loss of his Dominions, but he cou'd not support the Thoughts of *Melissa*'s imagin'd Crime. Her he had lov'd, and her only; but such was the

Weight

Weight of his Grief, that it almost distracted him.

Mean while *Melissa*, who was still shut up in the Tower, thought *Periander* was dead, and wept for him bitterly. She saw her self expos'd afresh to the Insults of a barbarous Prince, who had no Horror at committing even the greatest Crimes. While she was imploring the Help of the Gods, and conjuring them to protect her Innocence, the Person under whose Charge *Procles* had left her, being touch'd with her Misfortunes, enter'd the Prison, inform'd her that *Periander* was living, and offer'd to conduct her with her Son to *Corcyra*. They all three escap'd by a subterraneous Passage, travell'd all Night thro' By ways, and in a few Days got out of the Territory of *Corinth*; but they wander'd long upon the Coast of the *Aegean* Sea, before they cou'd pass over to *Corcyra*.

Procles, mad with Rage and Despair, at the Escape of the Queen, contriv'd Means to confirm *Periander* in his Suspensions, and to give him Notice that *Melissa* wou'd very soon arrive in the Island of *Corcyra*, in order to poyson him. The unfortunate King of *Corinth* listen'd with Greediness to every thing that might inflame his Jealousy, and redouble his Fury.

In the mean while, *Melissa* and *Lycophron* arriv'd with their Guide at *Corcyra*, and hasten'd to see *Periander*: He was not in his Palace, but in a gloomy Forest, to which he often retir'd to indulge his Grief. As soon as he sees *Melissa* at a great Distance, Jealousy and Fury seize his Mind. He runs towards her, she stretches out her Arms to receive him; but as soon as he comes near her, he draws his Dagger, and plunges it into her Bosom. She falls with these Words, *Ab! Periander! is it so that you reward my Love and Fidelity?* She wou'd have proceeded, but Death put an End to all her Misfortunes; and her Soul flew away to the *Elysian* Fields, there to receive the Recompence of her Virtue.

Lycophron sees his Mother swimming in her Blood, melts into Tears, and cries out, *Revenge, just Gods, Revenge the Death of an innocent Mother upon a barbarous Father, whom Nature has forbid me to punish!* This said, he ran into the Wood, and wou'd never see his Father more. The faithful *Corinthian*, who had accompany'd him to *Corcyra*, let *Periander* then know the Innocence and Fidelity of *Melissa*, and all the Miseries which *Procles* had made her suffer in her Imprisonment.

The wretched King perceiv'd his Credulity too late, and stabb'd himself with the same Poignard: but the Stroke was not mortal. He was going to lift up his Arm a second Time, but was with-held. He threw himself upon the Body of *Melissa*, and often repeated these Words: Great Jupiter! complete by thy Thunderbolt the Punishment which Men hinder me from finishing! Ah *Melissa*! *Melissa*! ought the tenderest Love to have concluded thus, with the most barbarous Cruelty!

As he utter'd these Words, he endeavour'd to tear open his Wound, but was hinder'd, and conducted to his Palace. He continu'd to refuse all Consolation, and reproach'd his Friends with Cruelty, for seeking to preserve a Life which he abhorr'd.

There was no Way to calm his Mind, but by representing to him, that he alone cou'd punish the Crimes of *Procles*. This Hope quieted him, and he suffer'd himself to be cur'd.

As soon as his Health was restored, he went among all his Allies, representing his Disgraces and Affronts. The *Thebans* lent him Troops. He besieged *Corinth*, took *Procles* Prisoner, and sacrificed him upon *Melissa*'s Tomb.

But *Lycophron* remained still at *Corcyra*, and refused to return to *Corinth*, that he might not see a Father who had murder'd a virtuous Mother, whom he tenderly loved.

Periander dragg'd on the rest of his unhappy Life, without enjoying his Grandeur. He had stabb'd

a Wife whom he ador'd. He lov'd a Son who justly hated him. At length he resolv'd to lay down his Royalty; crown his Son, and retire into the Island of *Corcyra*; there for ever to lament his Misfortunes, and exipate the Crimes he had committed. Pursuant to this Design, he order'd a Vessel to *Corcyra* to fetch *Lycophron* Home, instructing the Messenger to persuade him to return to *Corinth*, by telling him that his Father wou'd set him on the Throne. He flatter'd himself that he shou'd pacify the Prince's Hatred by this Sacrifice, and was already preparing to place the Diadem on his Head. He was impatient for his Arrival, and often went to the Sea-side. The Ship at length appear'd: *Periander* ran with Eagerness to embrace his Son; but how great was his Surprise and Grief, when he beheld *Lycophron* in a Coffin.

The *Corcyreans* groaning under the Yoke of *Periander*, whose Cruelties they abhor'd, had revolted; and to extinguish for ever the Tyrant's Race, the Son was made the innocent Victim of their Enmity against the Father. These barbarous Islanders assassinated the young Prince, and sent the dead Body in a Vessel, as a Testimony of their eternal Hatred.

Periander struck with this sad Spectacle, enters deeply into himself, and cries out, *I have violated the Oath made to a dying Father. I have refused to restore Liberty to my Countrymen. O Melissa! O Lycophron! O vengesul Gods! I have too well deserv'd all those Calamities which overwhelm me!* He then appointed a pompous Funeral, and commanded all the People to be present at it.

At the Head of the Procession march'd several Players upon Flutes, who increas'd the publick Sorrow by their plaintive Sounds. A Company of young Girls bare-footed, their Hair dishevell'd, and cloath'd in white long Robes, surrounded the Bier, and melted into Tears, when they sang the Praises of the Dead. A little after, follow'd the Soldiers with a slow Pace, a sorrowful Air, their
Pikes

Pikes revers'd, and their Eyes upon the Ground. At their Head march'd *Periander*, a venerable old Man, with a noble and military Air, a tall and majestick Stature, and bitter Grief painted on his Face. When they came to the Fortress, which was the Burial-Place of the Kings, *Periander*, first of all, pour'd Wine, Milk and Honey upon the Body of his Son. He then with his own Hands, lighted the Funeral Pile, upon which had been strew'd Incense, Aromatic Spices, and sweet Odors. He remain'd mute, immoveable, and with his Eyes drown'd in Tears, while the devouring Flames consumed the Body. After having sprinkled the yet smoaking Ashes with perfum'd Liquors, he gathered them into a golden Urn; and then making a Sign to the People that he was going to speak, he thus broke Silence. *People of Corinth, the Gods themselves have taken Care to revenge you of my Usurpation, and to deliver you from Slavery. Lycophron is dead, my whole Race is extinct, and I will reign no longer. Countrymen, resume your Rights and Liberties.*

As soon as he had said these Words, he ordered all the Assembly to retire, cut off his Hair to denote his Sorrow, and shut himself up in the Tomb with his Son.

Cyrus, who was present at *Lycophron's* Funeral Obsequies, understood some Days after, that *Periander* had ordered two Slaves to go by Night to a certain Place, and kill the first Man they should meet, and then throw his Body into the Sea. The King went thither himself, was murder'd, and his Body never found, to receive the Honours of Burial. Having given himself over to a Despair beyond Example, he resolv'd to punish himself in this Manner, that his Shade might continually wander upon the Banks of *Styx*, and never enter the Abode of Heroes.

Laertius says, that he dy'd of excessive Melancholy in the last Year of the 48th Olympiad, and the

the 80th of his Age, and that being desirous none should know where he was bury'd, he thus contriv'd it. He commanded two Men to go to a certain Place at Night, and to kill the first Man they met with, and bury him: After them he sent four to kill and bury the two; after the four, more: They obey'd his Order, and the two first kill'd *Periander*.

The *Corinthians* erected an empty Monument for him with this Inscription,

" *Periander* lies within *Corinthian* Ground,
" For Power and Wisdom above all renown'd.

Laertius has this Epigram upon him; which *Stanley* has translated in the following Manner;

" At whatsoe'er shall happen be not sad,
" Alike for all the Gods dispense be glad.
" Wise *Periander* did through Grief expire,
" Because Things did not answer his Desire:

What a dreadful Series of Crimes and Misfortunes is the Reader here presented with, and with what a manifest Proof of the Disorder into which false Religions throw the Minds of Men, instead of correcting their vicious Inclinations!

We see a Tyrant believing in the Gods, yet daring to pollute himself with Incest and Murders. We see him making a Vow of a golden Statue to the Gods, and fulfilling it with a most unjust Robbery, a Violence which next to that done to their Honour, is the most grating to the Sex on which it was committed. — What a flaming Instance is here of the vindictive Justice of Heaven, in extinguishing the Tyrant's whole Family! The Husband stabs his Wife, rebellious Subjects assassinate the innocent Son, and the King procures his own Murder.

Periander, says *Plutarch*, being become a Tyrant by an hereditary Disease deriv'd to him by his Fa-

ther, endeavour'd to purge himself of it as much as possible, by a Conversation with Men who were celebrated for their Wisdom. To this Purpose he sent an Epistle to the Sages of *Greece*, when they met at *Delphi*, inviting them to come to his House at *Corinth*.

They came to him accordingly, and he was associated in the Number of the Wise Men, who, says *Plutarch*, were originally no more than five; but that afterwards, *Cleobulus*, Tyrant of *Lindus*, and *Periander*, Tyrant of *Corinth*, who had neither Virtue nor Wisdom, yet by the Greatness of their Power, and Multitude of their Friends, and the Obligations they conferr'd upon their Adherents, forc'd a Reputation, and thrust themselves violently into the Number of the Wise Men. To this end, they also spread Sentences and remarkable Sayings throughout all *Greece*, the very same which others had said before, who were therefore much displeas'd, yet wou'd not expose their Vanity, or publickly dispute that Title with Persons of so much Wealth and Power; but meeting together at *Delphi*, after some private Debate, they consecrated E, the fifth Letter in the Alphabet to testify to the God of that Temple that they were no more than Five, and that they rejected and excluded the Sixth and Seventh. *Laertius* says *Periander* wrote 2000 Verses of Moral Instructions, so that the Attribute of *Wise* appears to be conferr'd on him, not in respect to his Actions, but his Sentences, of which there are many recorded in *Plutarch*, *Ansenius* and *Laertius*.



P R O.

PROLOGUE,

By a FRIEND:

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

WHEN Precepts fail'd to move an impious Age,
And Threatnings but provok'd th' Offender's Rage,
When the few Wise who thought, or warn'd Mankind,
The fruitless, good, unwelcome Task resign'd,
The Muse resentful, arm'd in Virtue's Cause,
And brought Example to enforce her Laws,
The Good and Bad, from dark Oblivion drew,
And gave the living Lessons to our View,
The Slave and Tyrant shew'd, degenerate Race!
Equal in Guilt, and equal in Disgrace
But taught the truly Great, who Praise declin'd,
Where Merit hides, Reward at length will find;
Fix'd as they seem, at one surprising Turn,
The Wretch may triumph and the Haughty mourn.

From the sad Tale our Author now prepares,
Too fatally this dreadful Truth appears,
At first the false imperfect Scene delights,
Successful Robber of a People's Rights!
See him by Crowds ador'd, of Pow'r possess'd,
Nay more, in virtuous Love sincerely blest!
Wait one short Moment, and the Blaze is done,
And Horror closes what in Guilt begun.

See the false Flatt'rer mask'd in Friendship's Name.
While blackest Mischiefs are his only Aim,
This Friend can make you for a Tyrant weep,
And wonder Hell it self can wound so deep.

With Patience and with Candour now attend,
Let each display the Critick, and the Friend,
Our Author's faint Attempt your Hearts to move,
By your Attention, and your Smiles approve.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N

Periander, <i>King of Corinth,</i>	Mr. Quin.
Lycophron, <i>His Son,</i>	Mr. Clarke.
Procles, <i>King of Epidaurus,</i>	Mr. Ryan.
Aristides, <i>Friend to Periander,</i>	Mr. Milward.
Zeno, { <i>Two of the greatest Men</i>	Mr. Hales.
Alcander, { <i>in Corinth, Conspiring to</i>	
{ <i>restore the ancient Form of</i>	Mr. Chapman.
{ <i>Government.</i>	
Hypsenor, <i>A pretended Friend of</i>	
Periander's, <i>but a Creature of</i>	Mr. Walker.
Procles.	
Lycon, <i>Governor of the Tower,</i>	Mr. Ogdon.
<i>The General of the Thebans,</i>	Mr. Haughton.

W O M E N

Melissa, <i>Queen of Corinth,</i>	Mrs. Buchanan.
Clarinda, <i>Her Confident,</i>	Mrs. Templar.

Guards, &c.

SCENE CORINTH.



PERIANDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Zeno's House.

Enter Zeno, to him Alcander.

ZENO.

WElcome, my worthy Friend; my
Soul has pin'd,
And mourn'd in secret for the Want
of thee;
By Heav'n, I find, I am but half my
self,

When thou, my better Part, art absent from me:
For I, like Lovers, with Impatience wait,
Each Moment think an Age 'till you return.

Alc. Friendship, thou greatest Happiness below!
The World wou'd be a Desert, but for thee;
And Man himself, a nobler sort of Brute:
Wherefore did Heav'n our God-like Reason give?
To make the Charms of Conversation sweet;
To open and unbosom all our Woes:
For Life's sure Med'cine is a faithful Friend.
I wou'd (but 'tis not in the Pow'r of Words)

E

Expressa

Express with how much Warmth I love my *Zena*.

Zen. But hold! no more! too precious is the Time!

Our Lives and future Fortunes are at Stake,

And all depends on this Important Hour:

The King will shortly with his Army march

To fight the *Corcyreans*; Gallant Men!

That dare to stand against a Tyrant's Pow'r;

Now resolutely fix to pay no more

A Tax, that brands 'em with the Name of Slaves;

But rather chuse the lighter Ills of War,

Than tamely yield their Fortunes, and their Lives,

To the disposal of a Tyrant's Hand.

O *Ciry*! worthy of a better Fate!

You first inspir'd my Soul with generous Thoughts!

Oh *Corinth*! oh my too much injur'd Country!

I cou'd in Tears of Blood lament for thee.

Alc. How art thou sunk from all thy former Glory.

This is the Fruit of *Corinth*'s Luxury,

That Nurse of Tyranny! that Bane of Virtue!

Where-e'er th' insinuating Poison spreads,

Our Sense it weakens, sinks us into Brutes,

It plunges us in Sloth, in Poverty,

In Guilt, Corruption, Slavery and Ruin.

Zen. Can it be just, that One should reign alone,

And lord it uncontroll'd o'er thousand Slaves?

Can it be just, a Creature, such as this,

A Man of Passion, and of Frailties made,

Shou'd to another nobler than himself

Say, Wretch, it is my Pleasure you shou'd dye?

Alc. Who has not heard how in one dreadful Day,

The Tyrant shed the noblest Blood in *Corinth*?

Too fatally he knew what *Thrasibulus*,

Infernal Wretch! meant by his cruel Emblem;

For when he cropt the tall aspiring Flow'rs,

He spoke too plain, that our aspiring Youth

Shou'd in their Bloom be cropt: the Tale is told!

And Heads of Men that were their Country's Glory,

With Rage implacable were strait lopt off;

And we, alas! we are the poor Remains,

Reserv'd perhaps to grace some other Scaffold.

Zen. Know that my eager Soul is all on fire,

I burn to set my suffering Country free,

And

P E R I A N D E R.

And give the ancient Liberty to *Corinth*.

Alc. Hear then the Progress that my Zeal has made.
I have long since a faithful Friend employ'd,
That he might sound the Temper of the People.
He tells me that some ancient Spark remains
Of their Forefather's Love for Liberty;
And that their abject State, and numerous Wrongs,
At length have kindl'd in their Souls a Flame,
That shall inspire the Slaves to noble Acts,
Shall rouse 'em from their Lethargy to Life,
And make 'em vindicate the Cause of Nature;
For 'twas with Freedom to this World we came,
But poorly we submitted to be Slaves.

Zen. Be speedy then, nor suffer 'em to cool:
For what's so fickle as the People's Breath?
Now hot, now cold, and all as Chance directs.
Not more Inconstant is the Breath of Air,
That blows one Moment, and the next is calm.
For fear their languid Resolutions faint,
We'll tell 'em, that the noblest Sons of *Corinth*
Will head 'em instantly, and lead 'em on,
To Life, to Glory, and to Liberty.

Alc. The Crowds shall bless us as we pass along,
And with one general Acclamation, cry,
Behold the great Restorers of our Liberty!
Our Names shall reach beyond Mortality,
And be a Pattern for each Age to come. *(Exeunt.)*

S C E N E *The Palace.*

*Enter Periander, with Attendants, at one Door; the
Queen, Clarinda, and her Train, at another.*

Per. Oh my *Melissa*! Charmer of my Soul!
Believe, what now by ev'ry God I swear,
That from thy Presence I shall always feel
Such Transports, such Emotions in my Breast,
As when these Eyes first on thy Beauties gaz'd.
To the parcht Earth not warm refreshing Show'rs,
To Northern Climes the Sun's enlivening Beams,
Or golden Fields of Corn, to wishing Swains,
Can half that Joy, that Satisfaction give,

And

PERIANDER.

As when the lovely fair *Melissa* comes
To glad, to cheer her *Periander's* Soul.

Queen. By the same awful Pow'rs of Heav'n I swear,
That the first time my Eyes were blest with thine,
I found a yielding Softness in my Heart.
Ev'n all the Pomp and Splendors of a Court,
All the vast Wealth that Eastern Monarchs boast,
Wou'd look with fading Lustre in my Eyes,
If shar'd with any other Man but thee.

Per. My Country calls aloud for my Revenge,
Bids me redress the Wrongs *Corcyra* gives,
I shou'd be poorly wanting to my Fame,
If I their Insolence shou'd tamely bear:
You must support my Absence for a while;
But oh, believe, whar, from my Heart I speak,
Not Mothers, when their Infants from their Arms.
By the rude Soldiers cruel Hands are torn,
Feel half those bitter Agonies of Woe,
As at this Moment strike me to the Soul.

Queen. Oh, oh, the Torture of that Word, Farewel!
Oh my foreboding Soul! too much I fear,
That after all our Flow of Happiness,
A Scene of Woe will in its Place succeed,
Nor Joy upon our future Meetings smile.
Alas, when you are absent from my Sight,
Soon will each pleasing Object lose its Charms;
The Sun will not with half that Lustre shine;
The Flow'rs, that look with so much Beauty now,
That laugh at ev'ry vain Attempt of Art,
As various as the Rainbow in their Colours,
When you are absent, all their Sweets will fade,
Look dull, of ev'ry former Charm bereft;
And droop, and hang their Heads, 'till you return.

Per. Oh my *Melissa*! leave these gloomy Thoughts!
Let Beams of Joy reflect upon your Mind.
Th' Idea of your Face will give my Sword
A double Edge, will teach my Foes to know,
What 'tis to tear me from thy fond Embrace:
Believe me, with a Lover's Haste I'll fly
To meet my Queen, the Idol of my Soul.

Queen. To Heav'n, each Morn, I'll make my constant Pray'r,

That

P E R I A N D E R.

5

That Guards Cœlestial may thy Life defend,
And safe restore thee to my longing Arms.
With Transport shall I view my *Lycophron*,
The true, and pleasing Image of his Father:
May the propitious Deities above
Make him the Heir of all thy Virtues too.

Per. Oh thou compleatest Pattern of thy Kind!
Beauties thy Face, and Virtues grace thy Mind.
In Wisdom, like *Minerva*, sprung from *Jove*;
In Beauty, like the *Paphian* Queen of Love.
When thou wer't form'd by the Almighty Hand,
On Earth he plac'd thee with this great Command,
Go, teach the World, what thou canst prove alone,
Beauty and Virtue may be joyn'd in one.

(*Drums and Trumpets without.*)

But hark! those Martial Sounds summon me forth;
The Iron Hand of War, that Enemy
To Love, and all its soft Endearments, parts us. (*Exit.*

(*The Queen and Clarinda remaine*

Queen. My Mind's oppress'd with dark and gloomy
Thoughts,

And not one gladsome Ray of Light remains;
'Till now, each different Morn brought different
Scenes

Of Joy, but on the Precipice of Fate
I stand, and my next Step perhaps is Ruin.

Clar. Oh grieve not at imaginary Ills:
Why shou'd you thus forestall your Misery?
Unhappy but a Moment ere your time.

Queen. I strive, but like a Child, that weakly tries
To keep the nauseous Med'cine off; Force soon
The feeble Infant overcomes, and he's
Compell'd to take the bitter Potion down:
So do I, fruitless, strive to ward the Blow;
For human Life is chequer'd at the best,
And Joy and Grief alternately preside,
The good and evil *Damon* of Mankind.

Clar. Why shou'd you think that you are left by
Heav'n.

No, with paternal Care the Gods will guard,
And keep each Danger from the Man you love.

Queen.

Queen. How have you form'd us, ye Immortal Pow'rs !

What is this Ray of your Divinity,
That faintly glimmers thro' our Earthly Frame,
And seems endu'd with more than nat'ral Pow'r,
To give us Warning of succeeding Ills ?

Clar. Think what a Round of Bliss you have enjoy'd:
How *Periander*, fixt his Soul, intent
On pleasing you, each Thought, each Word, each
Look,
Confess'd, that you without a Rival reign'd,
The only darling Idol of his Heart.
Think thus, and be unhappy if you can.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Each Moment is too precious to be lost :
The rude tumultuous Crowd are now in Arms,
Both *Zeno* and *Alcander* at their Head ;
They press with Fury to your Palace Walls.
Ruin their Threat, Slaughter and Death the Word.
[Exit.

Queen. Alas ! the gather'd Clouds are burst already,
And Desolation instant is at hand.

At once the swelling Deluge pours upon us,
With all its Horrors, doubl'd by Surprise,
And Hope is lost, ere Counsel can prevail.
Is there no Means, no Chance of Safety left ?

Clar. There is, alas ! but one Expedient now.
With Expedition to your Fort repair,
The Mad rebellious Rout shall strive in vain ;
As soon the Waves may beat against a Rock,
And make a Passage thro' its solid Mass.

Queen. What are my Crimes, ye Gods, that I'm
thus left

At once a Wretch abandon'd, and forlorn,
And not one Friend to prop my sinking Fortune ?
Hypsenor might have serv'd me, but he's absent
On some important Embassy to *Procles* :
Yet were he here, he's such a Sycophant,
That I shou'd think him but a frail Support.
His Words are tinctur'd strong with Flattery,

And

P E R I A N D E R.

†

And 'twas his artful, fly, deceitful Tongue,
Gain'd him a Place in *Periander's* Love.

Clav. There is a Man of open Soul, that scorns
The little low Devices of a Court;
Nor when he sees the Errors of his Prince,
Can meanly hide the Dictates of his Heart,
And give a real Fault the name of Virtue.

Queen. This must be *Aristides*; none but He
Deserves that perfect Character of Friend, and
Him I wou'd trust; nor wou'd he wrong that Trust;
But tho' he cou'd stand up 'twixt me and Ruin,
Yet still it were unjust to wish him here,
For he is now the Bulwark of his Lotd;
The Guide that leads my *Periander* safe
Thro' all the Dangers that attend on War.

Clav. Then to the Fortrefs for your Refuge fly.
O be not thus Irresolute, but haste,
And save your self, before Destruction comes.

Queen. Thither this Instant let us both retire,
And shew this giddy Rout, so prone to Charge,
What Resolution in our Sex can do,
When for a King and Husband both we fight.

[*Exeunt*]

S C E N E *The Street.*

Enter Zeno and Alcander with their Forces.

Zen. Friends! *Grecians*! Countrymen!
Behold, the long-expected Hour is come;
The Deities have heard the Pray'rs of *Corinth*,
And the hard Bondage, that you bore so long,
Like Men, you seem resolv'd to throw it off,
The Champions for your Country's Libery!
'Tis not for Foreign Conquest that we fight,
To make a Nation wretched as our selves:
We wear a noble Cause upon our Swords;
Our All at Stake on this decisive Day.
Exert your selves like Men of freeborn Souls,
That all Posterity may bless your Names,
And latest Times the Benefit may taste.

Alc.

Alc. Where is the Man among this numerous Crowd,

But finds his Heart prepar'd, his Mind resolv'd,
To conquer in this Cause, or bravely die?
If Heav'n permit our Country still to groan
Beneath the slavish Yoke of Tyranny,
If we shou'd fail, then I am fixt on Death;
My Country quite engrosses all my Soul,
And in my Thoughts Life is a mean Concern.

Zen. If we succeed, think what it is we gain;
'Tis Liberty!——Is there a Soul among you,
That bounds not at its Call! But come, my Friends,
Come, will you follow where your Chiefs shall lead?
Let us this Instant march, and seize the Fort,
Surpriz'd and unprovided take the Queen:
Then *Corinth* freed, and rescu'd by our Hands,
Shall in her former Fame and Splendor shine;
And be the dreaded Arbitrer of *Greece*.
Are you prepar'd to fight in such a Cause?

i Cit. Yes, *Zeno*, yes; you may our Swords command;

Firm and resolv'd for Liberty, we stand.

Alc. Let this then warm each Breast, and fire
each Thought;

Tho' thro' the Paths of Death the Prize is sought,
A Prize like this can ne'er be dearly bought. }

We, like our *Grecian* Ancestors of old,
Will in our glorious Course unweary'd hold.
Tho' ten long Years our great Design retard,
Freedom at last will be a full Reward.

The End of the First Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Alcander and Zeno, with their Party, besieging the Fort.

ZENO.

GO to the Queen, and tell her, that in vain she
Hopes Relief, for Heav'n and Fate are ours,
Yet in Compassion to her weaker Sex,
We'll see her safe conducted out of *Corinth*;
But if she thinks an obstinate Defence
Her only Safety from approaching Fate,
Then tell her, not her Sex's Privilege
Shall screen her from the Justice of our Swords.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, my Lord; the Town will be surpriz'd.

The *Epidaurians* march in dread Array;
Procles himself the numerous Army leads.

Alc. Oh curst Event! disastrous turn of Fortune!
We fight not with domestick Foes alone,
But with a King whose Pow'r so wide extends,
It's far superior to each *Grecian* State:
And oh! forgive the melancholly Thought,
The Cloud that darkens ev'ry Glimpse of Hope!
If Heav'n shou'd suffer *Procles* to prevail,
Our former Slavery wou'd lose its Name,
And we shou'd think it Freedom, when compar'd
With his Tyrannick, Arbitrary Sway. *[Exit.]*

F SCENE,

S C E N E, *A Tent.**Enter Procles and Hypsenor.*

Pro. At length, my Friend, the glorious Time is come,

And Fortune seems to favour our Design,
To be the Lord of universal Greece :

Corinth, with Factions and Divisions torn,
Will voluntary yield to any Terms

My conquering Sword thinks proper to impose.

Hyp. If you with feign'd Pretences can disguise,
And with false Colours varnish your Design,

The credulous Fools are easily deceiv'd ;

For *Zeno* and *Alcander* both adore

That airy Form, that Idol Thing call'd Honour :

They think each Man as honest as themselves ;

For from their Lips flows not a single Word,

But what proceeds immediate from the Heart.

Pro. Nature, indulgent to her wiser Kind,
Creates such Fools on purpose for our Prey.

And we, with our superior Talents born,

Made stronger by th' Endowments of the Mind,

By natural Right preside o'er all the rest ;

And as we please, they either live or die.

Hyp. The Crown of *Corinth* is a glorious Step,
A happy, prosperous Omen to the rest :

For Heav'n, that's said, never to act in vain,

Could not your large Capacity, your Soul,

Vast and extensive, form without Design,

But with a Genius tow'ring o'er the rest,

Bid you go forth, the Lord of all below.

Pro. Right, my *Hypsenor* ; can it be suppos'd,

A Soul that grasps at all this Globe of Earth,

Will poorly be confin'd to one small Spot,

Nor leap its narrow Bounds, and walk at large ?

Yes, as a Fire, that rages o'er a Field,

And by degrees each Blade of Corn destroys,

Nothing appearing but continu'd Waste,

In one bright Flame at last collected burns :

So shall my Arm spread Conquest as it goes ;

State

State after State shall shrink beneath its Force,
Till all in one promiscuous Ruin lies,
And I exult triumphant o'er the Whole.

Hyp. But hark! the martial Trumpet's sprightly
Sound,

Speaks some approaching Message from the Foe;
And see! their Chiefs, follow'd by Multitudes,
Are come to make Proposals from the Town;
Bearing the Olive, as the Sign of Peace:

Now let each soft insinuating Art
Guild o'er our specious Tale, deceive the Fools,
With smooth Pretence win on their easy Faith,
And make 'm think their Liberty your Care.

Pro. Where's the Reward that's equal to thy Merit?
My constant Guide, that points the way to Glory.
We'll now with proper Pomp this Embassy
Receive, to shew our great Regard for *Corinth*.

Enter Zeno, and Alcander.

Zen. To you, O *Procles*, King of *Epidaurus*,
Th' Embassadors of *Corinth* are we come:
Say for what Reason you besige our Walls;
When we have shaken off th' ignoble Yoke,
Will you reduce us to our former State,
Or to a worse, a Tyrant's keen Revenge?

Pro. To free your Country from its various Ills,
To fix its former Liberty, I come:
I come to shew you what a King shou'd be,
The Guardian, not th' Invader of your Laws.

Alc. If you will swear by ev'ry awful Pow'r,
You will our ancient Liberty restore,
You shall be then receiv'd within our Walls;
Not as the Foe, but as the Friend to *Corinth*:
But if you harbour any base Design,
Of making us again a Tyrant's Slaves,
Know, to the last, we will defend our selves,
And smiling in the Agonies of Death,
Be pleas'd with falling in the glorious Cause.

Pro. I promise on the Honour of a King,
That all your Laws shall be inviolate,
And you shall feel the pleasing Change with Joy.

Lct.

Let haughty *Periander* now give Place,
Procles shall rule you with a milder Sway. [Exit.

Zen. These are, I fear, but airy Promises;
 Yet we're reduc'd to such a wretched State,
 That we must lean upon this broken Reed;
 And, like a Man, that has the fatal Choice,
 Of perishing by meagre Famine's Pow'r,
 Or be the Victim of remorseless Swords,
 Death the sure Consequence of either Choice;
 So we have nothing left us now to chuse
 But to obey again our former Lord,
 Or try our Fortune in a second King:
 'Tis *Procles*'s stronger Genius now prevails,
 And *Corinth* has this only Comfort left,
 He can be but a Tyrant at the worst. Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen, and Clarinda.

Queen. At length the Gods have heard their Sup-
 liant's Pray'r,

Have sent the generous *Procles* to my Aid:
 On Wings of Friendship to my Help he came,
 And sav'd me on the Borders of Destruction.
 Come, let us go, and our Deliv'rer give
 The little Thanks *Melissa* can bestow.

Clar. Our late Misfortunes are indeed blown off;
 But shou'd what general Fame reports, be true,
 That *Procles*, blinded by the Thirst of Pow'r,
 Forgets that *Periander* is his Friend,
 And turn the vile Usurper of his Throne!

Queen. Can Man be guilty of such base Designs?
 Can the Desire of Pow'r, the Love of Gold,
 Make Mortals throw off their Humanity?
 Make Friendship but a weak, a slender Thread,
 Make Justice and the Pleas of Virtue light?
 Oh my *Clarinda*! Fortune's still our Foe,
 Has a much rougher Game than this to play!
 Our Joy, swift as some rapid Meteor flies,
 That seems to shine, but soon the Flame expires,
 And all its Brightness in a moment dies.

Clar.

That you and *Piersy* were in private marry'd.

Dian. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know. [*Aside.*
This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your friend, you ought no more to steal
A marriage from a friend, than from a father.
And when you aggravated, as I thought,
By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;
For which I hope, *Diana*, you'll forgive me—
Methinks I do it rarely—

[*Aside.*

Dian. Best of Queens!

Thus on my knees, I ought to beg that pardon:
I only did offend, my gracious Mistress.

Queen. Rise to my arms—This kiss now seals thee mine
For ever.

Dian. Oh most admirable goodness!

Queen. This tenderness betrays me, melts my soul!
A fatal engine that draws all my griefs [*Aside.*
Up to my eyes and lips, just ready to unload.
And pour 'em in at once into her breast,
Whom I, of all the world, should hide 'em from.
Oh for some wild, some desert to complain in,
Some vast and uninhabitable place;
Or else some precipice that butts the ocean,
The wide, and never to be fathom'd ocean,
That I might tell the echoing rocks my woes,
And count my sorrows to the winds and seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel mankind is to me.

Dian. You seem disturb'd! ah! what inhuman grief
Dares seize your royal breast?

Queen. Come, dear *Diana*;
Go to my closet with me; there, perhaps,
Some rest may quell this melancholy monster;
And there it may not be amiss sometimes
To talk of *Piercy*, will it?

Dian. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and oh! I wish that the discourse
Would sooth your soul with as much joy as mine.

B

Queen.

Queen. These are the first of miseries, the rest
 Come rolling on apace, and, *Katherine*, now
 Thou art reveng'd— Just Heav'n, whose is the sin?
 Punish not me, I fought not to be Queen;
 But *Henry's* guilt amidst my pomp is weigh'd,
 And makes my crown sit heavy on my head,
 To banish from his bed, the chasteft bride,
 That twenty years lay loving by his side!
 How can I give it, without tears, a name,
 When I reflect my case may be the same?
 And I, perhaps, as slaves are by the Priest,
 Thus gay and fine for sacrifice am drest.
 Ah! *Katherine*, do not envy me thy throne,
 For thou art far more happy that has none.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

Roch. **T**HE news is strange you tell me of the King.
North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the
 He came just now from hunting as his use, [meaning.
 Where at Sir *Thomas Seymour's* house he was
 Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
 At a repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
 Amiss?

North. No: quite contrary, so good humour'd,
 I never saw him in my life more pleasant:
 But now, instead of going to the Queen,
 With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
 He order'd all about him to retire,
 And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for *Woolsey*,
Woolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour;
 Then shut himself within his bed-chamber,
 And there remains; nor durst the boldest venture
 To follow him, and ask him what he ails—
 May not the Queen your sister, think you, be
 The innocent occasion?

Roch. That's impossible!
 For but last night he came to her apartment,

With

With all the heat and love that could inspire
A bridegroom, scarcely of an hour's making:
With haste he ran, and where he should have fate
He kneel'd down by her as his deity;
Printing soft kisses on her lovely hand,
And sigh'd as if he had been still a wooing.

North. Right *Harry* still: for by this flood of passion
The nearer he's to ebb and change.

Roch. See! the King.

North. You are brother to his wife, and may be bold,
But I'll not venture. [Ex. *North.*

Enter King Harry.

King. Who are you that durst press on my retirement?
Ha! *Bullen!* get thee from my sight—begone— [Ex. *Roch.*
Who waits there? why am I thus troubled?
Let none but *Woolsey* dare to be admitted. [To the Attendants,
Who can withstand so vast a shock of beauties,
So many wonders in so bright a form?
When Heav'n designs to make a perfect face,
A beauty for a Monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd that the most skilful spirits are all
Imploy'd, and just before their eyes is plac'd
Th' exactest, loveliest angel for a pattern;
If it be true; this only must be she,
And must be mine— Who's there? the Cardinal?

Enter Woolsey.

Card. The humblest vassal of his godlike Master.

King. Come hither, Sir.— I sent for thee, my *Woolsey!*
And dost not wonder; when but yesterday
I took from thee the seal and Chancellor's place?
But 'tis no matter: do not care, I say:
I love you still in spite of all your foes—
You have malicious enemies at court;
Besides the Queen, my Lord, is no good friend
Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I that have incurr'd
My King's displeasure, and my Queen's dire hatred!
But m'innocence when I am dead, perhaps
May to my royal Master, tho' too late
Appear.

King. Talk not of death, good Cardinal,
For I have business with thee first— By Heav'n!
He that dares mutter *Woolsey* is a traitor,
Shall dye for a worse traitor as he is:
Keep thy own still, the Bishopricks of *York*
And *Winchester*, and Cardinal, that is
Above my grant; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy Diocess, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal wreathes, and diadems of faints,
Crown you in Heav'n for this royal goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My foes, but for your Majesty's protection.

King. O *Woolsey*! be to me but half so kind
As I shall be to thee. *Seymour*, my father!
The lovely *Seymour*, whom thou toldst me of,
I did devour her beauties from thy lips,
And fed my ears with the delicious feast;
But since I've seen this wonder of her sex!
The charming'st creature e'er adorn'd the world;
And find her all as far above thy praises,
As Heav'n can be beyond man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir?

King. O yes, my *Woolsey*!
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

[*Aside.*

King. Help thy Prince!
Why art so slow? has *Woolsey* lost his courage?
That wit that Emperors and Popes has sway'd—
So, let thy brain begin to travel now;
Bring forth thou more than King; thou more than Man;
Thou hast a mine within that subtle breast,
The stone which dull philosophy has toil'd
In vain for— Make me Master of thy *Indies*—
Lend me thy wit to purchase *Seymour* for me.

Card. You have the means already in your hands,
Power is the greatest charmer of that sex.

King. Command my power, my kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy fox's tail my lion's skin;
Take thou my scepter, bind it to thy cross,

And

And to thy mitre add my humble crown ;
'Tis all my *Woolsey's*. *Woolsey* shall be King.
I ask but only *Seymour* in exchange.

Card. You bid too much ; send for her straight to court ;
Make her a Marchioness, or else a Dutchess ;
There's hardly now a woman but will sell
A foolish honour that none sees, for that
Which makes a noise and splendor in the world.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager expectations !
This I have done without such rare advice :
But oh she is inflexible to all !

Deaf to the sounds of vanity and pomp !
And more remorseless than a saint or hermit.
Her chastity cold as the frozen stream,
And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,
As crystal rocks, or adamantine quarries :
That oh I fear, had I but what I covet,
The crown from *Bullen's* head, to offer her,
'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy Prince's bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my power
To help you,

King. Ha ! false and ungrateful Man !
Is that then all the hope your brain can give me ?

Card. It is impossible, if she be virtuous,
That e'er she shou'd be had by force or cunning.
Therefore apply this remedy a while,
Have but a little patience 'till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and poisoner of thy Master's rest,
Must I despair ? is that thy precious counsel ?
Did I descend to ask advice from Hell ?
Consult thy wicked Oracle for this ?
To tell me what is lawful ?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd ambition,
I'll crumble thee to dust ; puff thee to nothing :
And make thee less and more dejected far
Than the base fellow that begot thee, Priest.

Card. Hear me but——

King. Why didst thou infect my breast,
And with thy venomous tongue deceive me, worse

Than the old serpent that in paradise
Betray'd the first of mankind with a bait ?
So thou, lurking and hid amidst the charms
Of *Seymour's* rare and unsuspected beauties,
Sungst me her praises in such tempting words,
That I with ravish'd ears swallow'd the sound,
And never saw the sting I suckt in after.

Card. You will not give me leave t' explain my self,
Nor yet to give you remedy.

King. Tell me ;
For remedy I'll have from Heav'n or Hell,
Or I will take thy blood, thy scorpion's blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease.

Card. Your fury will not let you understand me
When I advis'd to stay till it was lawful,
At the same time I meant to let you know
'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha! said again like *Woolsey*! tell me straight,
My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news,
E'er they have minted into words thy thoughts—
Quick, what can lawfully make *Seymour* mine?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen!

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream; what dost thou mean? or how?

Card. Invest her head with *Anna Bullen's* crown.

King. Sure thou art mad, and would make me so too—
What, whilst she lives?

Card. Ay, whilst she lives I said:
Is that so strange a thing that ne'er was done?
Divorce her.

King. Ha!

Card. What is't that makes you start?
Divorce her, and take *Seymour* to your bed.

King. How! take good heed what 'tis thou pull'st upon
Thy self—Divorce my lawful virtuous wife
Without a cause!

Card. There is a cause!

King.

King. What is't?

Card. Pretend remorse of conscience.

King. Gods!

Card. Ne'er wonder:

Say you are troubled and disturb'd within.

King. Eternal villain! *Lucifer* the damn'd.

[*Aside.*

Traitor, at what?

Card. At that which seiz'd your mind,

When *Katherine* you divorc'd for *Anna Bullen*.

Conscience! conscience!

King. Horrid tormenting fiend!

[*Aside.*

Thou know'st she was my brother's wife, and *Bullen*

On no such just pretence I can disclaim.

Card. No matter; on the like distrust of conscience

That made you do the one, you may the other.

Give out that she's not lawfully your wife,

The first alive, and that you never had

A dispensation from his Holiness.

King. His Holiness! I'm blasted with the thoughts:

Pernicious traitor! how can this be done?

Card. Leave it to me; consent you, 'tis enough:

And I'll engage, on forfeit of my life,

To get a licence from our holy Father

To disannul this marriage, and to take

Into your lawful bed the beauteous *Seymour*.

King. But then I still remain unfreed from *Katherine*.

Card. The Church shall grant a dispensation too

For that.

King. What horror's this I hear! can this be true?

In all my wanton and luxurious youth,

Or in my blackest thoughts of lust and rage,

I ne'er yet found one wish amongst them all,

Of such a deep infernal hue. The horror

Has kindled my whole blood into a flame,

And made me blush deeper a scarlet than

This villain's robe. Disloyal wicked monster!

But I will strive to hide my just resentments.

Divorce my second wife without a cause!

Could it be done, what would the nation say?

What would the action look like but a Hell;

[*Aside*

[*To him.*

To warn succeeding Princes from the like,
And blot me from the scrole of pious Kings?
Could it be lawful *Woolsey*, I would hearken.

Card. Then lawful it shall be in spite of scruples:
I see your conscience is an infant grown,
A child again, and wants to be instructed—
Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
Away for you to walk on even ground ;
So safe, the nicest conscience shall commend
And choose it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy Prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your bed,
And prov'd so?

King. Ha! there's thunder in that word,
The bolt ran through, and shiver'd me to pieces.
Disloyal to my bed! adultrous! hah!
Saidst thou not so? yet hold, if this be true,
There hangs a shower of cordial in my reach
To cure this horrid fit. *Woolsey*, beware
How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears;
Look to't, and see you wrong her not; for if
Thou dost, by all the plagues thy soul deserves,
All Hell shall be too little for thy carcass;
New hells shall be created, and more hot
Than what's prepar'd for traitors, parricides,
For ravishers of mothers, lustful nuns,
For *Lucifer* himself t'endure; nay more
Than villain, Pope, or Cardinal ever felt,
Speak how thou know'st it. Quick.

Card. Alas! my Lord,
I never meant it enter'd in my own
Particular knowledge: but it is reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou? is not that enough?
Report! why she is damn'd, if she's but thought
A whore, much more reported to be so.
'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy King;
Each smile, each glance, and every wanton look,
That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,
Shall brand me with the ignominious name
Of *Wittal*, which is worse—make me but sure

That

That the least breath has utter'd such a sound,
Or whisper'd to the air that she's unchaste,
By all the horrid fiends that punish lust,
And by the black concupiscence of Hell,
I'll tumble her from the throne into a dungeon——
Name me the man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy!

Card. Yes, Sir; he is the man she dotes on;
'Tis he lies deeper in her breast than ever;
For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes;
Gives him her person warm, inspir'd with passion,
Whilst for your self she only treats you with
The cold dead body of departed love.

King. Is *Piercy* then at court?

Card. He is this day
Arriv'd.

King. Hough! come without my leave say'st thou?

Card. He is, no doubt to consummate their joys,
Their signs and tokens to compare, which they
By letters and devices in their absence
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir;
And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting furies—— I believe thee.

Card. Nay in your bed and in her dreams she thinks on't;
When pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs
And cheated hopes, thou bring'st to my remembrance,
How all complaisances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like mirth from one in torture!
Sometimes I found her face all drown'd in tears,
With gales of sighs just blowing off those storms,
In fear away: sometimes again in blushes,
As if then all the wanton heat of love
Were darting through her eyes to meet my flame;
But when with eager haste I catch'd her in
These arms and prest her lips, alack I found
Instead of summer there no ice so cold;
Instead of breath that wou'd revive the dead,
No air so chill, nor winter blast so keen.

Card.

Card. Thus all her actions still will be to you :
The roses of her bloom she keeps for him,
The thorns for you—— Had you been *Piercy* then!

King. Let me embrace the savor of his Prince,
The dear preserver of my life and honour!
What shall I do for thee, my friend?

Re-enter Rochford.

Card. Here's *Rochford*!

Pray smooth your brow, and hide your discontent:
And now y' are going to the Queen smile on her.
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty child,
And act more plain and open to your justice;
And when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike like the hand of heav'n, a sure revenge,
And never let her rise again.

King. I will——

My Lord, you may come near: where is the Queen?

[*To Roch.*

Roch. I left her in the drawing-room.

King. Ah *Woolsey*!

What angel e'er so bright as woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her creator's laws;
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
'Till they by falseness did their sex degrade.

[*Exeunt King and Card. Manet Rochford.*

Roch. What means this sudden alteration?

Enter Piercy.

Is not that *Piercy*? oh! too true he comes!
Not like a joyful bridegroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated sister! but like one, alas!
That knows already, the base wrongs our friends
Have heap'd upon him! where shall I avoid him?
Ah! why must I of all the plot be curst?
To look upon a face so full of horror;
That like a Hell, at once upbraids my guilt,
And lashes me with the remembrance?

Pier. Methinks I walk like one that's in a dream,
A horrid dream, and fain would be awake!
These rooms of state look not as they were wont,
When *Anna Bullen* oft has run to meet me;

But

But seem like fairy-land, a wilderness.
My friends, like beasts that never yet saw man,
Start at my sight; and shun me worse than fire.
What mean you Heavens! what mean those boding visions!
O that some friend, some friend indeed would meet me!
And wake me out of it—— Behold; 'tis granted——
Is not that *Rochford* there? my dearest brother!——

Roch. My Lord, my *Piercy*!

Pier. Come thou to my arms.——

Methinks th'art not concern'd to see thy friend:
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain I find,
Thy friendship is as cold as winter blasts,
Or as chill age is to a tender virgin!
What ails my friend? say quickly.

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Pier. Nothing! why look'st thou then so full of horror?
Thy down-cast eyes call to my sad remembrance,
How passing by yon gallery of pictures,
That happy gallery that was once the scene
Of many a joyful meeting with thy sister!
Looking with wonder on those famous persons,
Whom the rare painter had with so much art
Describ'd, to make posterity amends,
For their bright forms now moulder'd in their urns;
With their immortal shapes of beauty here;
There as we us'd to walk, none e'er so kind,
With loving arms and tender wishes join'd,
A glad remembrance in their looks we spy'd,
Of what their bodies had on earth enjoy'd;
With stedfast eyes they watch'd us all the while,
And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile.
Or if we chanc'd to weep and sigh our woe,
They seem'd to pity us, and do so too:
Such sympathy they drew from all our fears,
Our very griefs, and every look was theirs.

Roch. The over-flowing of your love-sick fancy.

Pier. But mark me now, my *Rochford*; mind the sad
Catastrophe. They lookt not now like friends
Of comfort, but like boding *Sybils* rather;
Their smiles converted all to darting frowns,

Whilst

Whilst with their seeming voice and hands, methought,
 They chid and beckon'd me to shun the place,
 As if they did intend to say aloud,
Ah Piercy! 'tis not now as heretofore,
Piercy begone, for thou shalt happy be no more.

Roch. Ah, my Lord!

Pier. Ha! what say'st thou? 'tis enough.
 There hangs a dreadful tale upon thy brow,
 And there's some horrid meaning in that word—
 Let thy dire looks speak all the rest, I prithee;
 Th' hast pierc'd quite through me like an ague-fit,
 Stopt every circling passage of my blood,
 And made me sweat big drops as cold as ice—
 Say quick! how fares thy sister? is she well?
 My love! my wife! did I not call her wife?
 Speak, is she living? is she dead? if so,
 And thou dar'st utter it! plant thy dread voice
 Just like a cannon to thy *Piercy's* breast,
 And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words

I find he knows not of my sister's marriage! [*Aside.*
 Still worse and worse!—alas! my lord, she lives! [*To Pier.*

Pier. Lives! oh the joy! but is she ought than well?
 Tell it with speed! why didst thou say, alas?

Roch. Well she is too.

Pier. Then blessed be that voice;
 But why thou speak'st it with such cold reserve,
 I cannot guess. Oh tell it out with joy!
 Tell it aloud with shouting to the spheres,
 That they may echo with glad harmony:
 Thy sister lives: my *Bullen* is in health.

Roch. She is in health: but—

Pier. Ha! but what? speak out:
 Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense?
 If there be any thing can now be call'd misfortune,
 When thy dear sister is in health, out with it;
 Let it be worse than thunder I can bear it.

Roch. Alas! kind *Piercy* force not me to tell you,
 Too soon you'll hear the news from one perhaps
 That can relate it, rocky as he is,
 Without a sigh or tear in pity of you.

Pier.

Pier. You heav'nly pow'rs! what does my *Rochford* mean?
Methinks the joyful tidings in my breast,
That she's in health, does chide me for my fears;
But then again a fatal heaviness
Straight intercepts this dawn of comfort there,
And like a cloud hides all those new-born beams
Of hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
I am in Hell, in torments, worse, in doubt——
Is there no balsom that can cure this sting?
No *Oedipus* that can unfold this riddle?
I prithee, gentle *Rochford*, do not rack me:
Take off this heavy weight that sinks thy brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The truth, and say that all these killing words
Were not in earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your father's here.

Pier. He will take pity, and release me sure.

North. *Harry*, thou art most welcome to thy father;
Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my son, and deck thy face with smiles:
There's love and fortune coming towards thee.

Pier. Pardon me, best of fathers! spare my answer: [*Kneels.*]
Oh tell me first what news is from my love?
How does my Mistress fare? and what's become
Of beauteous *Anna Bullen*? quickly, Sir.

North. Why, what's become of her? she's very well.
What should become of her? she's marry'd, Son.

Pier. Marry'd!

North. Marry'd! ay marry'd, that she is!
A Queen she's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.

Pier. Marry'd! and to the King! by all my hopes,
By all our chaste, eternal vows of love
It cannot be, although my father says it;
You, whom I'll credit sooner than an angel.
Marry'd! my *Anna Bullen* false, and marry'd!
Perswade me that the sun has lost its virtue,
The earth, the teeming earth, forgot to bear,
That nature shall be nature now no more;
That all the elements shall vanish straight,

Turn

Turn to confusion, into chaos shrink;
And you, and I, and all the living world,
Are what we were before we were begot;
All this must be, when *Anna Bullen's* false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient boy,
Marry'd she is without such miracles.

Pier. Ah, dearest father, on my knees I beg you;
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My Mistress wrong'd, is not in *Piercy's* power.
Here, crush this insect, pound me into dust,
I'm at your foot! oh lay it on my neck,
And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths;
For whilst I live I must be guilty still,
And ne'er can think that *Anna Bullen's* false:
O Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your *Piercy*.

North. Rise, and repent; and do not tempt my anger,
Which thou should'st feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy folly punishment enough.

Pier. See, Sir, her brother's more concern'd than I
To hear such words. Come, tell 'em, dearest *Rockford*,
Proclaim her virtue loud as cherubins,
Tell 'em, these rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the sad complaints of injur'd honour:
Is she not chaste? chaste as the virgin light,
And constant as the turtle to its mate,
Her person sacred still to all mankind,
And beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,
Than is the lovely blew that fragrant hangs
On *Autumn* fruit, or morning dew on roses.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Pier. Oh hear the charming sound;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, friend; tell 'em
How thou wert by, when first we plighted troths,
And swore eternal faith, eternal love,
By every saint, and every star that shone,
Who then look'd down as joyful witnesses,
And darted forth in all their bright array,
To see our loves that shin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, romantick Sir, behold your Mistress,
Whose bride she is.

[*King and Queen, Lords and Ladies pass over the stage,
Northumberland follows the King.*]

Pier. By the immortal powers that gave me life,
And eyes and senses to believe, 'tis she——
It is the King, and *Anna Bullen* crown'd!
Why father, *Rockford*, friends, is it not so?
And did she not like haughty *Funo* walk?
Who, as she held the thunderer by the hand,
Lookt down with scorn on the low world, from whence
She came; so did she cast a loathing eye
Upon the place where humble *Piercy* stands——
Now you are mute; dumb as those conjurations
You hir'd just now from hell to be my ruin;
Ha! is't not so? confess that it is so,
And I am blest; own it, and make poor *Piercy* happy.

Rock. Alas! my Lord; afflict your mind no more,
'Tis torment to your friend to see you thus.

Pier. Friend, say'st thou? I disclaim that name in all,
In father, brother, sister, and companion;
Nature her self abhors it, like the plague,
And banishes that guest from all her creatures——
False brother to the falsest woman living!
Was it for this that I was sent from court?
Was it for this the subtlest of her sex
Sent me a letter with ten thousand charms,
To let me know that I should write, and should
Be written to no more till my return?
T'avoid suspicion, as she said; but 'twas
To flatter me that I should not mistrust her.

Rock. By heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Pier. Here, *Rockford*, rip, and tear her from my heart,
Fast rooted as she is: the poison swells,
O lance it with thy sword, and give me ease:
She's hell! she's worse! she's madness to the brain;
I am possesst, and carry an host of devils:
For he that wears a perjur'd woman here,
Has in his breast ten thousand fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best Son, the King salutes thee, *Piercy*;
Come, see the bride he has prepar'd for thee,
And think no more of *Anna Bullen* now.

Pier. Ha! bring me to her straight! is she a woman?
A bright dissembling and protesting woman?
Smooth as the smiling pitiless ocean is by fits;
But then her heart as rocky, deep, and fathomless:
Has she a face as tempting as the fair
Deceitful fruit of *Sodom*, but when tasted,
Is rottenness and horror to the core?
Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder?
Nay were she *Anna Bullen* all without,
And *Bullen* all within, I'd marry her
To be reveng'd!

North. Thou dost rejoice thy father:
She is as good and beautiful as angels,
And has ten thousand pounds a year; which added
To thy estate, will make you far more happy
Than *Harry* with his crown, or *Anna Bullen*.

Pier. Come, bring me to her: when shall we be marry'd?

North. When my Son pleases: if thou wilt, to-morrow.

Pier. To-morrow! now: to-morrow is too late:
What must I waste a day, and lose a smile!
The King with *Bullen* revels all this while.
Haste, thou slow fun! when wilt thou bring the morn?
And when! oh when shall the long day be worn!
That these triumphant arms may seize my bride,
And clasp her gently like a wanton tide.
In floods of extasies I'll drown; and say,
Thus *Harry* and his Queen live all the day;
Thus he embraces her all o'er, and o'er;
Whilst for each kiss I'll reap a thousand more:
And for each pleasure they shall act that night
I'll pattern then, and double with delight:
But for that rarest bliss we blush to own,
Spite and revenge much more my joys shall crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Card. **H**AIL to the sacred Queen of wit and beauty;
Hail to the Empress of the world that should be.

Blunt. What news? what song of comfort brings my
Methinks your looks shine like the sun of joy, [*Woolsey?*
And smiles, more glittering than your robe, appear:
Come, for I long to be partaker of it—

Say, is it great? shall *Bullen* sink to hell?
Shall this proud exhalation vanish straight?
Or, shall she still be Queen t'affront my *Woolsey*?

Card. No: I'll first pawn both body and soul to hell;
For but a dram of poison that would kill
The heretick.

Blunt. Oh famous *Cardinal*!
Rome's sacred champion, and the saints of *Rome*!
What can reward thee but the mitre here,
And when th'art dead, a mighty throne, as high
As was great *Lucifer's* before his fall?

Card. Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King?
More aw'd and famous than was *Harry* still?
Have I not scatter'd with a liberal hand,
And sow'd more seed to charity, than all
The kingdom else? built such vast palaces,
As neither *Italy* nor *Rome* can pattern?
Which *England's* Monarchs have been proud to dwell in.

Blunt. And but for thee, the nation had been scorn'd.

Card. Who fram'd such sumptuous embassies, as I,
With such a glorious train of servants deck'd,
As *Germany* and *France* both wonder'd at,
And thought that all the nation follow'd me;
Whilst *Tudor* here, as a less King than I,
Was serv'd, but with the gleanings of my pomp?

Blunt. 'Twas *Woolsey*, our great Master's greater servant,
Who, as he rode to meet the Emperor,
E'er he approach'd, first check'd his pamper'd steed,
And stood at distance to receive that Monarch;
Whilst *Maximilian*, as became him best,

C

First

First did unlight, and first embrac'd my *Woolsey*.

Card. And have not I rul'd *Harry* and the nation
Shall then this strong foundation of my greatness
Be undermin'd by such a wretch as *Bullen*?
By the weak practice of a spleenful woman!
A thing, that I have made; a poppet-Queen,
Drest up by me, to act her scene of greatness,
And all her motions guided by this hand!

Blunt. Shall she then mount the fame to ruin *Woolsey*?

Card. No; by my self, that moment she attempts it,
She pulls a dreadful tower upon her head;
When I begin to totter, if I must,
Like a huge oak, that's leaning o'er a wall,
I'll take my aim, and crush her with my fall——
Piercy's arriv'd, there's aid for your revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit,
And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late;
This makes her careless, to her own undoing;
For when the amorous King comes, loaded with
Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of joys,
Straight, like the sensitive, nice plant that shrinks,
And on a sudden gathers up its leaves,
When 'tis but touch'd, she will contract her charms,
And shut 'em from him in her fullen bosom,
As cold as winter to his warm embraces:
This, when the vext and passionate King perceives,
He'll hate, and cast her from him in a rage.

Blunt. See! yonders *Rochford* coming towards us,
Big with glad looks, I hope, to be deliver'd
Of something that will forward our design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your care,
To manage him with all the art of woman;
And hell, if heaven wont, inspire your wit
And malice.

[*Ex. Card.*]

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brightest of thy dazzling sex,
That wears the charms of all the world about thee;
How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
In torments and in darkness all the while!

Sun

Sun of my joy, to waste the tedious day,
And star to gaze the live-long-night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a courtier now indeed,
My Lord; but 'tis no wonder now, you are
Exalted, and are brother to the Queen:

'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
Without the purchase of—— I will not tell you——

Roch. Ha! brother to the Queen! to *Jupiter*:
And if my ravish'd sense deceives me not,
I will not change my state to shine in heaven!
To be the darling brother of the sun,
Or one of *Leda's* twins that deck the sky:
No, *Castor* I defy thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord;
I will not chide you, though you have deserv'd it:
For all those raptures are but starts in love,
And seldom hold out to the race's end;
Or else like straw that gives a sudden blaze,
And soon is out.

Roch. Oh say not so, my Goddess!
The *Negro*, nearest neighbour to the sun,
That lives under the torrid burning line,
Feels not the warmth that does possess my breast.
And, oh forgive the vast comparison,
Hell's flame is not so vehement or lasting.

Blunt. Enough, my Lord: I'll put you to your trial:
Prepare, and see how well you can obey;
But that you may not strive without all hope,
Like slaves condemn'd for ever to the gallies;
Here is my hand, an earnest of my promise,
That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.

Roch. Your hand! where am I? tell me, God of love!

Blunt. But mark me: hear, as from a prophet, this:
Be sure you merit well this first of favours,
And keep the oath you vow upon this hand,
Else I'll denounce a worse than hell shall follow
Your sacrilegious crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear——
But tell me, heav'n! what signifies an oath?
When 'tis impossible I should be false?

I swear upon this altar, breathing incense!

Eternal love! eternal constancy——

Divinest, softest—— sweetest——

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Blunt. Go, my Lord.

And now you have it, brag to my undoing;

For never any but your King can boast

The like.

Roch. And he, th' unworthiest of mankind,

Who having such a jewel in his breast,

The crown not half so sacred, were it mine,

To sell it for a false and glittering trifle:

So silly *Indians* barter gold and pearls

For baubles.

Blunt. What your sister, treach'rous man!

You do not mean it; nor can I endure

To hear her so degraded; if 'twere real:

Sh' has goodness, and has beauties more than I,

And merits what she does possess, a crown:

And much the more, because she sought not for it;

Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy——

You visit her, not only as a brother,

But as a friend, and partner of her councils;

You love like twins, like lovers, or indeed

As a fond brother, and kind sister should.

How bears she this unwelcome state? or rather

How does she brook the wrongs that's done to *Piercy*?

Roch. All her reflections on it straight will vanish;

A King and crown are charms invincible;

No storms, nor discontents can long abide,

Where love and empire plead: but soon will fly,

Scatter'd like mists before the sun of power.

Blunt. You speak indifferently, my Lord, and like

Mistrust of her you love: I long to hear

The more what you would fain disguise from me——

Have you so soon forgot the oath you took?

Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce

Reach'd down to hell, to claim you perjur'd there?

Or think you that I e'er can hate the sister,

When with a blush I own, I love the brother?

False and ungrateful man! farewell.

Roch.

Roch. O stay!

Rip open my bosom to my naked heart,
And read what-e'er you think is written there.
Had I no tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have him;
His waxen soul begins to melt apace: [Aside.

He is my slave, my chain'd and gally slave:

Oh that I had but *Harry* so to torture!

But I'll revenge my self on this soft fool,

On *Bullen*, and on all their race at once

That were the cursed cause of my undoing.

You find my passion and good nature quickly, [To *Roch.*

That makes you use me thus.

Roch. Ten thousand pardons—

Blunt. No more; I can forgive, if you deserve it;

I charge you, as a sign of your repentance,

Go visit straight the Queen, and *Piercy* too;

You hear he's come to court; and what you learn

From them, that ought concerns their former loves,

From time to time, acquaint me with the story,

And you shall lock the secret in my breast,

As safe, as in your own.

Roch. 'Twere blasphemy

But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you;

Not that I doubt the virtue of the Queen,

But know, that, worse than hell, I hate the King,

(To which just hatred 'tis you owe my love)

And wish your sister, and all human kind,

Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has charm'd

And now I can't but give you some kind hopes— [me:

You may have leave to visit me hereafter.

And talk of love, perhaps I'll take it kindly.

Roch. Blest harmony! happiest of mankind, I.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by proxy:

For tho' the King not visits me, as he was wont,

Yet he is jealous—

Let all your amorous letters be disguis'd,
Under the borrow'd name of brother still,
Directed to me by the stile of sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely Goddeſs!

Blunt. These papers once ſhall be of conſequence. [*Aſide.*
See, the Queen comes, her ſoul is diſcontent, [*To Roch.*
And longs to be diſburthen'd. I will leave you——
A fit occaſion's offer'd, now ſhe's on
The rack, to eaſe her by a fond confeſſion. [*Ex. Blunt.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?—— My brother! is it you?
I hear that *Piercy's* come to court.

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where ſhall I hide my guilty face from him?
And ſhut me where he ne'er may ſee me more?
For now I ſtart at every human ſhape,
And think I meet wrong'd *Piercy* in my way,
Like one escap'd for murder, in his flight
Shuns every beaſt, and trembles at the wind,
And thinks each buſh a man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I ſent thee to the Queen, *Diana*, ſay,
How fares ſhe in her hopeleſs, loſt eſtate?
What answer bring'ſt thou, that is death to hear?
Come talk of miſery, and fill my breaſt
With woe: I'll lay my ears to the ſad ſound,
And thence extract it as the bees do hony.
Grief is the food that the afflicted live by——
Talk any thing; there's nought ſo dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd *Piercy*, in my breaſt.

Dian. The Princeſs *Dowager* is dead.

Queen. What Princeſs?

Art thou a temporizing false one too?
And haſt ſo ſoon forgot ſhe was thy Queen?

Dian. Queen *Katherine's* dead.

Queen. Alas! then is ſhe dead?

Then ſhe has got the ſtart of *Anna Bullen*——
Came you too late to pay my duty to her?

Dian. No: for ſh' enjoyed her ſenſes to the laſt,
And then not ſeem'd to dye, but fall aſleep.

Queen.

Queen. So bold is innocence, it conquers death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Sustain'd in life.

Dian. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble duty, and condole
Her Majesty's misfortune and distemper;
She check'd me at that word, and as you have seen
A clear sky, with a travelling cloud o'ertook,
And quickly gone, so she put on a frown,
Which did not last, and answer'd with a smile:
Why did you say, your Majesty to me,
She said, a name I loath? go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on greatness to be happy,
But take a sad example here by me:
I, who was daughter, niece, and sister too,
To three great Emperors, and wife, alas!
To the most potent Prince in *Christendom*,
Must dye more wretched than the meanest creature,
In a strange country, 'midst my enemies,
Not one of all my great relations here
To pity me, nor friend to bury me:
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.

Queen. Go on; why dost thou cease this melody?
Thy voice exceeds the mourning *Philomels*;
The dying swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such celestial musick:
Hast thou no more of it?
Come play the artist: shew thou to my fancy,
Th' infernal paths that lead to infinite horror;
Op'n all the charnel houses of the dead,
And fright away, if it be possible,
The sad remains of injur'd *Piercy* here.

Enter King.

[*Exeunt Diana and Rochford.*]

King. Yonder she is, in tears amidst her glories!
You slavish stars, what will content this scorner?
From a mean spring I took this shining pebble,
And plac'd her in my heart, and in my crown,

The fairest and the best lov'd jewel there:
 And sate her on my throne to be ador'd:
 Yet she contemns all this, and would do more,
 The heavens are all too narrow for her soul!
 Gods, you must flatter and descend to her,
 Or she'll not stir one jot to you — She is
 So very proud.

Queen. My Lord.

King. Sit down again,
 I but disturb you; therefore I'll return;
 For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
 You pay such lavish tribute from your eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain state
 Of greatness, and amongst its sad misfortunes,
 What would become of me, alas! if you
 (Which I've no reason to suspect)
 Should change your love; and that produc'd these tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen; —
 But what begets such doubts within your breast?
 You have done nothing to deserve such fears:
 You love me, and as long as that shall last,
 Mistrust not *Harry*.

Queen. By my hopes I do.

King. Blest sound. I will hear nothing but my *Bullen*:
Woolsey and devil tempt me now no more! *[Aside,*

Then shake these clouds of sorrow from thy eyes,
 And dart thy brighter beams, like *April* sun-shine,
 Into my bosom, and thus lock me ever —

Oh, now I nought remember but thy charms,
 And quite forget what-e'er I was before.

One word of bliss, one word of softness from thee,
 To banish hence suspicion, like the plague,
 And clear our breasts from jealousies for ever —
 What, not a syllable do I deserve?

These kisses, faint embraces, and these odours,
 Are ravish'd, not bestow'd upon me — ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the traitorous *Bullen*?
 By heav'n she wants the cunning trick and skill;
 The easy quick delusion of her sex,

To hide her falseness — By all hell she's damn'd.

Queen. O gracious Sir.

King. Too gracious not to kill thee —

For whom, for whom are your kind looks reserv'd?

Hide you your Minion; for his safeguard, do.

For were he 'mongst his happy stars, I'd reach him.

I'm frightful as a ghost, or a disease:

For when I think to hold her in these arms,

She struggles like the quarry in the toil:

And yields her self unto my loath'd embraces,

With such a forc'd and awker'd willingness,

As men, when they are past all hopes of life,

Resign themselves into the power of death.

Queen. What fiend has put such thoughts into your breast?

When did I wrong you? how have I been false?

Yet I will not complain against my Lord.

Since 'tis your will — Sir, have I not obey'd you?

No slave so humbly faithful to your pleasures,

And in your bed, with blushing, paid those duties

That modest virgin, or chaste wife could do:

And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outside; but hell knows,

And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys thy soul!

You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: but most

Unwillingly you part with your dear sweets,

Unless it be to him that has your hoard,

But guard your fatal honey with a sting

'Gainst those you hate — Your person you resign,

But as to prison: my arms are but the grates

Through which your mind is longing still to be abroad:

Nay in the very moment of enjoyment:

And who would think but then I should be happy?

There's still another's picture in your heart,

On which you look, and fancies I am he,

And all the while I'm sporting for another.

Queen. Can heav'n hear this! O cruel, faithless Lord.

King. No: to thy Syren's voice I'll stop my ears;

A thousand times, like them, th' hast cheated me,

Laid my just passion to a gentle calm,

Whilst storms behind were ready to devour me.

On thy false dangerous charms I'll wrack no more,
 But seek for shelter on some kinder shore;
 A grateful beauty here shall reign alone,
 And chace thee from my heart, and from thy throne.
 Ha! who comes there? my gentle *Woolsey* come,
 And with thy counsel straight defend my breast.

[*The King meets Woolsey, and goes out leaning on him.*

Queen. Did not my Lord fly from me in a rage,
 Arm'd with a frown, and darted it quite through me?
 And *Woolsey* in his favourites place again?
 Nay, then the wonder is expir'd; that proud,
 That great bad man, and *Lucifer*, ne'er meant
 Me nor my virtue well—The King's inconstancy
 Begins to shew its *Fannus* face again:
 And all the doubts of an unhappy wretch,
 My fears by day, and horrid dreams by night,
 Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Pier. What shall I fear to see her!
 And tell her face to face the perjuries
 And falseness that sh' has heap'd upon her soul,
 And ruin'd mine?—Lo, where the false one is!
 In counterfeited grief? by heav'n in tears!
 As if her sins already did upbraid her!
 Just pow'rs! can you behold a form so fair,
 And suffer falseness to inhabit there?
 The morning sun risen from its watry bed,
 Less precious drops does on *Arabia* shed:
 And sacred viols of rich *April*-showers;
 When he alternate rain and sun-shine pours;
 Nor is he half so beautiful and gay,
 As she a wiping of those tears away.

Queen. Ha, *Piercy*! I'm betray'd. Advise me heav'n!
 What shall I do?—Begone, this place is hell;
 Vipers and adders lurking under smiles,
 And flatt'ring cloths of state: oh! do not tread here;
 Under this mask of gallantry and beauty,
 Is a rude wild; nay, worse, a dangerous ocean,
 Into whose jaws, love, like a calenture,
 Will tempt us, where we both must sink and perish.

Pier.

Pier. What, can so mean a creature fright a Queen?
Behold a wretched thing of your undoing.

Queen. See where he stands, the mark of pity, heav'n!
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away;
Or view the rocks and quick-sands, if thou stay,
Lest this rough *Hellepont* I venture on,
And like *Leander* tempt my fate, and drown.— [*Ex. Queen.*]

Pier. Ha! she's surpriz'd! shuns me! and flies from me!
And more affrighted is at *Piercy's* wrongs,
Than guilty ghosts, that having scap'd to earth,
Hear the cock crow to summon 'em away,
And start and tremble at the sight of day.
But yet she look'd not like a foe upon me;
And as she parted, told me with her eyes,
That there was something in those speaking tears,
Which might excuse her, and condemn her *Piercy*.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful news,
The King has charm'd the fair *Diana* for thee,
And is resolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
And celebrate the nuptials with a pomp.

Pier. The King! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is.

But thou art not: h' intends to give her to thee
Himself: why dost thou start? 'twas but this day
You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of joy,
And duty to your father, you'd obey me.

Pier. Alas! I did: but cannot heav'n, nor you
Forgive a rash, unhappy man his vow?

North. No: by the blood that honours *Piercy's* veins,
I swear, I will not——

For marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or like a vagabond, banish'd from wealth,
From friends, and pity; whilst I will advance
Thy younger brother to thy lost estate,
And see thee starve; nay, more, and loaded with
The curses of thy father——

Pier. Hold, Sir!——

I'll strive t' obey you; not because I fear
What misery, or death can do to me;

Nor

Nor to avoid the hungry lyon's den,
 Or dragons teeth, juſt ready to devour me;
 For know, I plunge into a ſtate more dreadful:
 But that I may not be th' unhappy cauſe
 Of dragging wrongful curſes from a father,
 Which rather turn upon his head that aims,
 Than hurt the boſom of the innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See! ſhe is coming, brighter than a Goddeſs—
 I'll leave you, and commit you to her cure. [*Ex. North.*]

Dian. Yonder's the dear-lov'd man, whom all muſt love,
 That love another too: What ſhall I ſay? [*Aſide.*]

Spite of my ſtars, I dote upon a perſon,
 Who has no heart, no eyes that are his own;
 Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Pier. Madam! d'you hear the news? my father tells me,
 W'are to be marry'd.

Dian. So the King will have it.

Pier. The King! what would the tyrant be a God?
 To take upon him to diſpoſe of hearts!
 And join unequal ſouls with one another!
 O beautiful *Diana*! y'are all goodneſs,
 A ſtore of virtues in as bright a perſon,
 As heav'n e'er treaſur'd in a form divine:
 If ſo, what can your eyes behold in me?
 What ſee in ſuch a wretched thing as I,
 To marry me?

Dian. How charming is his perſon!
 And much more charming is his grief! and oh—
 How can ſhe e'er receive a wound more deadly, [*Aſide.*]
 Than I, tormented with the double dart
 Of love and pity— Some kind Deity
 Aſſiſt me now, leſt I ſhould ſhew I love him,
 And teach my tongue how to bely my heart.

Pier. You ſeem to ſtudy for ſo plain an answer.
 Come tell me ſtraight my faults, and what you think;
 For here I ſtand, the mark of truth to aim at.
 What is there, in this miſerable ſhape,
 To look on without ſcorn?

Dian. Now kind, heav'n,

Lend

Lend me the cunning now of all my sex!
 I like you just as well as you like me;
 Our persons might, for all you said of mine,
 Be mended both, and both receive additions:
 And for your nature, I'll be plain, and tell you,
 I could have wish'd a man of better humour;
 But 'tis no matter, since w'are both so bad,
 We are the fitter then for one another.
 Just Gods! what miserable things we are!
 Oh! when shall we attain that blest abode,
 Where we may never fear to speak aloud,
 What's just, and is no sin?

[*Aside.*
 To Piercy.

[*Aside.*

Pier. What, do you hate me?
 Then y'are happier one degree than I;
 For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Dian. Indeed he little thinks I am that wretch. [To Piercy.
 Tell me wherefore?

Pier. Because the cruel God
 Has robb'd me of my whole estate of love,
 And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
 Not worth one sigh, nor wish, if that could pay
 The debt I owe: nay, should you come a begging,
 Cold, and half starv'd, for succour to my door,
 You would not find, in all this rifled cottage,
 One spark, one charitable spark, to warm you.

Dian. Hear, heav'n! hear, cruel one! who-e'er thou art
 He loves, tho' I am slighted, scorn'd, nay hated, [To Piercy.
 Wou'd thou hadst my kind eyes, my breast, my soul,
 Would all my vital blood were balm to cure him.
 Yet will our cruel parents have us marry'd:
 Then, since we must, how know we but our bodies,
 And yet more careless and despairing souls,
 In time may grow to such indifference,
 As quite forgetting of what sex we are,
 We may like faithful and condoling friends,
 If not like lovers, live together.

Pier. Ay;
 And when y'are sad, I'll kiss you like a brother;
 And if you sigh, or chance to shed a tear,
 I will weep too, and ask you why you grieve;
 And you shall do the like to me, and straight

Em.

Embrace me like a sister, still remembering
The subject of our just complaints shall be,
You that y'are marry'd—

Dian. You for marrying me.

Pier. O rarely thought! 'twill be the only means
To make us happy both against our wills;
We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love—
Instead of loving, pity one another.

Dian. And who can tell but pity may at last,
By gentle, soft degrees, grow up to love.

Pier. Come, let's away then; since they'll have it so;
Meet these glad rites to all mankind but us,
Where the malicious charm shall join our curses,
And not our persons, but our woes together:
Then turn us loose, like two condemn'd, lone wretches;
Banisht from earth, no creature but our selves,
In an old bark on wide and desart seas,
In storms by night and day, unseen by all,
Unpity'd tost, not one dear morsel with us
To ease our hunger, nor one drop of drink
To quench our raging thirst, and which is worse,
Without one jot of rigging, sail, or steer to guide us.

Dian. Forgive me, heav'n! forgive me all my sex, [*Aside.*
That ever lov'd, or e'er was scorn'd like me!
Tho'tis my fate for ever to be hated,
Tho' we are doom'd to dwell, like wandring wretches,
In worse than what his worst of sorrow paints;
Yet I must love him, and resolve to marry him;
And now I challenge all the wondring world,
And more admiring angels, if they can,
To find who most is to be pity'd, he
Or I— Quick, let us launch then with a courage, [*To Pier.*
Since 'tis our King and cruel parents wills.

Pier. And give a rare example to the marry'd,
Of constancy: for that which severs them,
Possession of their pall'd and loath'd enjoyments,
Our faithful woes shall join our lives the faster.

Dian. And having each of us so mean a stock
Of love, I in your breast, and you in mine;
We need not fear that thieves should come to rob us.

Pier.

Pier. Nor jealousy to part us.

Dian. Well then, *Piercy*:

When our expected sentence is perform'd,
Where shall we take our welcome banishment?

Pier. To the world's end! far from all fruitful grounds,
From corn, and wine, or any wanton spring;
In some dead soil, so barren and so curst,
Where neither loathsom weeds, nor thistles grow.

Dian. Or some deep cave, where winds are all so still,
And beasts so far remote, that we shall hear
No howls, nor groans, but what we make our selves.

Pier. No: on some dreadful rock we'll chuse to lye,
Whose dismal top seems fasten'd to the sky;
Thence we can look on all the world below,
So full of vanity, so full of woe!
And sometimes on the wrack-devouring seas,
The emblem of our present miseries:
Sigh for the creatures, think the storms we see
Our cruel parents, and the wretches we.

Dian. Or waste our days in wandering to and fro,
And make our lives one harmony of woe.

Pier. 'Till heav'n shall rain down pity on us——

Dian. No.

We'll not be pity'd. Pity's half a cure;
That will bring comfort, which we'll ne'er endure.

Pier. O my *Virago* partner.

Dian. Nay, I dare you.

Pier. Then here we'll take an oath, and with this kiss
Let's strike a league with woe, adieu to bliss!
And now I challenge the all-seeing sun,
From this proud prospect, his high seat at noon;
'Mongst all the wonders of the world, to spy
A couple half so kind as thee and I;
Or all the matches that e'er love decreed,
If ever man and wife so well agreed.
Love oft-times flies from misery and pain;
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What though we wed in hatred, we may mend;
We but begin where others surely end;
And each of you that marry first for love,
We are but sooner, what at last you'll prove. [Ex. ambo.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt with letters, Rochford.

Blunt. MY Lord, you act the cunning lover well,
Paint a rare passion under all disguises;
Yet oh! I wish this art had not been learnt,
But nature in you, and true love the teacher;
Yet I will prize and hoard your letters safe,
As I will fragrant flowers within my bosom.

Roch. O my prodigious and exalted soul,
And my more precious stars! I bless you all.
Is there a man 'mongst all your favourites,
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
Methinks, for my dear *Anna Bullen's* sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the name of sister.

Blunt. And I much more now I can call you brother.

Roch. O my too weighty joys! immortal state!
And more immortal love!

Blunt. No more: I'll chide you.
This is too great, too violent to last——
Hold! give your passion breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your wishes out at once——
Where is the Queen?

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is *Piercy*? has she seen him yet?

Roch. Seen him she has: but would not speak to him.

Blunt. Not speak to him! oh cruel, most inhuman!
Had she but seen him in that state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.

Roch. Alas! her cruelty drew pity from
Her eyes and mine.

Blunt. Would she not speak t' him then!

Roch. No; not a word: but quite o'er-came her pity,
And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.

Blunt. The reason.

Roch. She'd not tell—— But I most doubt
Her scrupulous virtue is the cause.

Blunt. Impossible!
Virtue can never lodge with cruelty.

What

What stain were it to th' whitest innocence?
What crime in the severest virtue once,
In her condition, but to hear him speak?
Come! she must see him——

Roch. Would my life, and fortune,
Nay, all my rights of love, and hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once,
Pardon the fallies of most mighty friendship,
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. Go tell, as from your self, the sad condition
Her horrid cruelty has brought him to.
Within this hour he enter'd my apartment,
Not like the great, the brave, and charming *Piercy*,
Whose person none could see without adoring:
But like a dreadful ghost, or horrid shadow,
Far worse than what dead, melancholy midnight,
To frighted man, e'er painted in a dream;
The evil genius of his family
Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woe,
As he did to himself.

Roch. Unhappy *Piercy*.

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed to the earth,
Then with a groan, charg'd with a volley of sighs,
He lifted up his fatal eyes on me, which I
Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full
Of pitying tears——

Then ran into such bitter, sad complaints
Against our sex's sloath'd inconstancy,
That I was forc'd to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!
It wakes my drowsie conscience from its rest,
And stabs it with a guilt.

Blunt. But then at last
From railings into blessings straight he fell,
And on his knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,
And beg the Queen, but once to see her *Piercy*;
Which I, rack'd with compassion, promis'd him.
Alas! I fear more than I can perform:
This said, I rose, and *Piercy* follow'd me;
Therefore I charge you, by the power of friendship,

D

By

By *Piercy's* woes, and all the love you owe
To me! go and prevail that he may see her:
He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly; and if she will not,
I'll bear her body in these arms by force;
Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming straight this way; go quickly you,
(The miserable wretch is yet without,)
And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her,
Then straight return to hold her in discourse
Till *Piercy* comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful!
May all thy cruel sex be blest for thee. [Ex. *Roch.*

Blunt. So—— this has prov'd a lucky tale, and now
This rare intelligence goes to my *Woolsey*,
Who'll send th' alarm to the watchful King,
Straight to surprize him with his wife, like *Jason*,
Just stealing of his golden fleece away——
She comes, she comes, this player-Queen; but know,
This is the last proud act of all thy show;
This is a bait, kind stars, if you'll not frown,
With which I'll take revenge, or catch a crown:
And when sh' has got her heav'n, and I my aim,
Who then dares tell me that I was to blame?
For who contemns a prosp'rous wickedness,
Or thinks that ill, that's faint'd with success? [Ex. *Blunt.*

Enter Queen with a letter.

Queen. What shall I do? where teach my trembling feet
Their way? was ever virtue storm'd like mine?
Within, without, I am haunted all alike;
Without tormented with a jealous King,
Within, my fears suggest a thousand plagues,
Bid me remember injur'd *Piercy's* wrongs,
And brand me with the name of cruel to him;
Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
Upbraids me with a guilt,
And tells me, that kind pity is a sin.
Witness, and blame not me, y'immortal powers!
When you expose two diff'rent paths, one good,
The other bad, and tell not which to take:

If to obey you is my aim, just heav'n!
'Tis not my fault if I shou'd chuse the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister! most royal, merciful, and fair,
And best belov'd of heav'n, and all mankind,
Let your dear brother make it his request,
Thus on his knees, as Deities are charm'd,
That you would hear th'unhappy *Piercy* speak,
This once, and but this once——*Piercy's* without;
Shall my best friend take but his last farewel?
Grant it, or never more let *Rochford* see you.

Queen. Oh brother! plead no more, 'tis all in vain;
Do not betray thy sister to a guilt,
And stain the crystal virtue of a soul,
Which still she holds far dearer than a crown;
Seek not, by vile enchantments, to destroy
That innocence which yet is all my force,
All the defence poor *Bullen* has against
A jealous husband, cruel foes, and worse,
Against the malice of inveterate hell.

Roch. What danger can there be? what guilt in you?
To hear the wretched and the injur'd pray?
Come; for you will, you shall, you must now hear him.

Queen. No more! no more. There's yet a subtler orator
Than you, or pity, pleads for *Piercy* here,
Here in my firm courageous soul, and stronger
Than father, mother, or ten thousand brothers,
Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him?

Queen. Tell him, we are undone; I must not see him;
And what's far worse, the King is jealous; tell him
I love him—— Tell him what is false, I hate him;
Say any thing; but let me not behold him;
For oh! my weakness he so fierce assaults,
'Twill spoil——'Twill wrack my conduct—— See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Most cruel *Piercy*!—— Cruel brother rather——
Help—— Take, and bear me swiftly from the danger.

Roch. Cast but one look, and you must needs relent.

Queen. What shall I do? which passage shall I chuse? [*Aside.*

Arm me, kind heav'n! against my foe of pity.

Pier. Still, still she turns, and hides her treach'rous eyes—
Is't possible that she can feel remorse?
Or pity after all? O no; she loves too well
The fatal cause that purchas'd all this pomp—
Stay, *Anna Bullen*! stay; my *Queen*— Perhaps
It is expected I should call you *Queen*:
Behold your hatred—

Queen. Fly, good *Piercy*, fly:
There's nets preparing for your life and mine—
There's nought but snares and quick-sands where we tread,
Unfathom'd pits hid under painted grounds,
Where vast destruction watches to devour us:
Farewel—

Pier. Hear me but first, and shew thy face,
Thy false, dissembling beauties—
Many when wrackt have been by dolphins born,
And safely landed on the welcome shore:
And in the forests, nay, the monsters dens,
The passenger, half starv'd for want of food,
Has by the Lyons oft been spar'd and fed:
But cruel *Bullen*, cruel beauty kills
All whom it fetters, most on whom it smiles.
Nor can the elements, nor gentler brutes,
Teach woman to be pitiful or good.

Queen. Now, now just heav'n! y'are showing all your
At once upon my head, and I will bear 'em; [plagues
Bear 'em like one of you, and blest the weight;
Hear my self false upbraided, call'd most perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the monster of my sex;
Ev'n I, (who, you revengeful powers above
Know,) love this cruel chider to a fault!
Ah *Piercy*, *Piercy*— Fly; for life begone;
Each minute that you stay brings death to both.

Pier. Ah, hold! if not for love, for pity stay.
And if no just complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then blessings shall: ten thousand blessings on you,
If you will hear the curst of mankind speak.

Rosh. Now, sister, heard you that? by heav'n it melts me.
Sure I'm turn'd all the woman, you the man.

Queen.

Queen. Give me your hand, kind brother, and support
Help, for I stagger with the treble weight [me;
Of grief, despair, and pity!

My senses all are charm'd, and feet fast ty'd
To this enchanted floor—— Quick, or I'm lost.

Pier. Yet turn; if there's one jot of pity in you;
If *Piercy* e'er was worth one thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of *Anna Bullen*, stay——
What then, will nothing move? O inexorable!
No not a look! not *Piercy* worth one look!
Yet, *Rockford*, hold! canst thou too be so cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!
Is there no hopes? but will you; will you then
Begone?

Queen. Fly, brother, e'er it be too late,
For shou'd I listen but a moment more,
The strength of *Hercules* were not enough
To draw me hence, so unruly is my body,
And my unwilling soul so loth to part.

Pier. Then with my knees, thus fastning to the ground
[*Piercy kneels upon her robe.*

Your robe, and thus with my extended arms
I'll force and charm you, 'till y'have heard my last
Complaint: and then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why dost thou hold?— Why do I hold my self?

Pier. Ten thousand curses light upon her soul
In hell; and worse, what mine on earth endures,
That first taught woman falshood——

If for a crown she's false! oh may that crown
Sit loathsom on her forehead as her crimes,
May adders nest within th' ambitious round,
And into stings the fatal ermins turn.

When dead, may all the miseries she feels
Be through the world recorded as a mark
For faithful lovers to beware, and ne'er
Be nam'd without a curse.

Queen. Ah cruel *Piercy*!

Pier. But for my *Queen*, let heav'n and angels guard her;
Her I except from any bitter fate:
Let *Anna Bullen's* breast be ne'er disturb'd,

Nor soul upbraided with the wrongs of *Piercy* :
 And oh, kind heav'n! if there be any sorrow
 (As sure none e'er can be) ordain'd by her,
 False as she is, I beg that it may fall
 Only on wretched *Piercy's* head—— May hers
 Be all the pleasure still, and mine the pain.

Queen. O Gods! obdurate heav'ns! cruel honour! [*Aside.*
 And yet more cruel virtue, hear and see!

Pier. And when I shall for ever be recluse,
 As now I go to part with all mankind,
 'Twill be my joy, sometimes to think of you,
 And make me live, perhaps, one day the longer,
 When in my melancholy cell, I hear
 That the crown flourishes on *Bullen's* head.

Queen. Ha! I'm o'erwhelm'd, the sluices all are broke,
 And pity, like a torrent, pours me down; [*Aside.*
 Now I am drowthing, all within's a deluge;
 Wisdom nor strength can stem the tide no more,
 And nature in my sex ne'er felt the like——
 Help *Rochford*; e'er I'm rooted to this earth.
 Away, away! the least word more undoes me.

Pier. Yet turn one look upon me, e'er you go.

Queen. There, take it, with my life, perhaps the purchase—
 Take that too, *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd. [*Gives him a letter.*
 Learn there th' unhappy *Bullen's* fate—Farewel.

Pier. Yet stay—— the soul ne'er parted with such pangs,
 From the pale body, as you fly from me.

Queen. *Piercy* adieu—— I can—— I will—— I must
 No more. [*Ex. Qu. and Roch.*

Pier. What, never see you more! she's gone,
 She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever :
 And now methought, just as she parted from me,
 She shot a look quite through my gory heart,
 And left it gasping, dying, and despairing——
 What's here, a letter! and the character
 That I so oft have been acquainted with?
 If these eternal kisses give me leave,
 I'll break it open with as great a joy,
 As I had leap'd into our marriage-bed,
 And rifled all the sweets and pleasures there——
 What's this I read?

[*Reads.*]

[Reads.] *By wicked Woolsey, Harry, and our parents
I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the King:
Who intercepted all thy letters, swearing
With sacramental oaths, that thou wert false,
And marry'd first—* Piercy adieu, and credit me,
And that I lov'd thee better than my life.

Burn this rash paper, lest the fiends disclose it.

BULLEN.

She's innocent! oh! you immortal powers!

She's innocent! and then she loves me still.

Sound, sound my joy, till my exalted soul
Is wound up to th' extreamest pitch of bliss:

Let Piercy never after this be sad—

Yet hold—What dawn of comfort can'st thou spy

In this—Oh none—This glowworm-spark,

This glimpse of hope is vanish'd, and I'm left

In deeper darkness, horror and despair,

Than e'er I was before—

Oh *Anna Bullen*! curst in being true!

And I more curst in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha! she returns! the mourning angel comes

Again! sure heav'n's in love with both our miseries,

They look with such a pomp and train in me;

And are so beautiful in her!

Queen. Well, brother,

And thou far stronger and immortal pity,

And more immortal love, y'have brought me back—

Ye have. What! what will you do with me now?

Roch. Could any thing on earth! tyger, or panther,

Much less a creature form'd by heav'n like it:

Could you, I say, refrain at such an object!

At the last words of the unhappy wretch,

And not forbear to balm him o'er in tears,

Or else but hear him speak!

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!

The combat now grows fierce and strong, and oh!

How weak an armour resolution is,

Against our passions, or the man belov'd:

Virtue and honour, hence be proud no more,

Nor brag of your dominion o'er mankind;

Lest love, most fatal love, too soon should tell you,
 And make you feel; h' has mightier chains than you—
 See where he is— Look heav'n with tender eyes;
 Give counsel to my just despairing soul,
 And tell me, pity is no sin— Ah *Piercy*!

Queen. My charming *Queen*! my *Anna Bullen* once?
 Am I so blest, and yet so wretched too,
 As what is written here contains; and tell me!
 May I believe that you can love me still?

Queen. Oh *Piercy*! *Piercy*! urge me not to tell you
 What heav'n's austerity will not permit,
 Nor force me to declare—
 What the *Eternal* sees already written
 In too broad characters within my breast;
 How large, how deep thy story's graven here,
 And what I dare not, never must unfold—
 Oh! I have said too much.

Pier. What! said too much!

Can you repent of one kind thought of *Piercy*?
 And spitefully call back your tender mercy!
 Nay, worse; can you behold the almost naked,
 And starv'd beseeching wretch, and strive to pull
 The totter'd remnants from his quivering joints,
 And dash the pitcher from the greedy lips
 Of one just ready to expire with thirst?
 Oh cruel *Queen*! for *Anna Bullen* would not,
 She would not, would not use her *Piercy* thus.

Queen. Cease, cease such sounds—
 And turn thy sad, resistless eyes away;
 For if I once behold those tears, and hear
 Thy just complaints, I can no longer hold,
 But break I must through all the bonds of virtue.
 Nay, stood the jealous *Harry* by
 With all his guards of devils, *Woolsey's*, *Cardinals*;
 In spite of all, in spite of more my self
 I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
 And pity thee. Now are you satisfied?

Pier. It is enough, bright daughter of the sky:
 Y' have conquer'd me, my Deity, you have
 Hereon my knees, but yet at distance too,

The polture of a soul in extasie,
I beg a thousand pardons of my Queen.
A look, a sigh, or tear, from *Anna Bullen*,
Is far more worth than all the trifling wrongs;
Nay, than the life and very soul of *Piercy*.

Queen. Help me just heav'n, who sees how I'm besieged,
And what a weak resistless wretch I am!
Why d'you impose on us so hard a task
On poor mankind, so feeble and so frail,
Making us here commissioners of virtue,
Yet put by drams and scruples in the ballance,
To counter-poise and weigh down flesh and blood.
How weaks my will to draw my body hence;
And oh! how loath my eyes are to depart,
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one look to vast eternity;
Yet we must part, ah, *Piercy*! part for ever——

Pier. Ah say not so! must we so soon, my Queen?
Is then this moment's bliss so criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious hopes
Of an assurance once to meet again?

Queen. My mind now bodes to me, that 'tis our last:
Yet I must bid thee go: there is no joy for us;
The world's a deluge all to thee and me——
There is no rest, my *Piercy*, in this world,
No sanctuary to lay the weary head
Of the undone, th' unpity'd, and betray'd.
Farewel: there's somewhat rises o'er my soul,
And covers it as with a fatal cloud
Of horror, death, and fear. It cannot be;
The sting of parting cannot do all this;
Farewel, farewel.

Pier. Stay; must we part for ever?
What never! never meet again?

Queen. Never till we are clay, and then perhaps,
Neglected as we were in life, thrown out in death,
Some charitable man may be so kind,
To give our poor forsaken bodies burial,
Laying 'em both together in one bed
Of earth.——

Hah!

Hah! the time's come! my fatal doom's at hand!

[Three drops of blood falls from her nose, and stains her hand-kerchief.

Behold, the heav'ns in characters of blood,

In three inevitable drops,

Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now!

Ah *Piercy*! fly, and leave me here alone

To stem this mighty torrent of my fate.

Begone, while I have life to bid thee go:

For now death stops my tongue——

[*She swoons.*

Pier. My Lord——

She faints—— My life! my *Anna Bullen* stay;

Or your commands shall fetter me no more;

But break I will through all the bars of distance,

And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my arms——

Rochford! oh help to call her back again.

Hold, stop thy flight; thou precious air return!

Far richer than that rare immaculate breath,

Which nature's God breath'd in the first of mankind!

Roch. Wake sister, wake! behold, no danger's nigh!

Queen. Ah *Piercy*! now I wake, with courage now
To meet my fate; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Pier. Ha! *Woolsey*, and my father with the guards!

Card. My Lord, e'er we discover our commission,
Pray, let your son be parted from the *Queen*,
Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his rage,
And execute his worst of fury on him.

North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the court,
The greatest crime, against your royal Master,
That e'er a subject can be guilty of;
Yet in respect of these gray hairs and tears,
He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit life;
Therefore begone: a minute's stay is fatal——
Guards, force him, if he goes not willingly,
And carry him straight, by barge, to *Suffolk-house*
Without reply.

Pier. Obediently I'll go,
If you will promise me that you have nought
Against the sacred person of the *Queen*,
And will not touch her: for 'tis greater sacrilege,

Than

Than 'tis to hurt an angel, cou'd it be,
She is so innocent, so chaste, and pure.
Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no rock so firm!
Fixt like the center to the massy globe.

You should as soon remove strong *Hercules*,
With his hands grasping both the poles of heaven,
As force me from this footing, where I stand,
And see the Queen but threatned, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our honours, the Queen's person
Shall be inviolate and sacred always;
Nor know we ought against her — but the King
Is coming straight to visit her, as kindly
As he was wont: therefore you must be gone —
We have no other reason, but your safety.

Pier. I fear! for ah what truth can come from thee?
Thou speak'st but at the second hand from hell —
Kind sir, may I believe what *Woolsey* says?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

Queen. Go, *Piercy*; and mistrust not more than I;
Begone, if I have power left to command;
Leave me to innocence, and heav'n that will not
Permit a soul that never did any ill,
To fear it.

Pier. Then I'll go — But oh, just heav'n!
And all you angels, cherubins, and thrones:
All you bright guards to the most high imperial,
You kindest, gentlest, mildest planets,
You lesser stars, you fair innumerable,
And all you bright inhabitants above;
Protect the sacred person of the Queen;
And shed your balefull'st venom on their heads,
That think to stain a whiteness like your selves.

Farewel —

[*Ex. Piercy.*]

Queen. Farewel!

Card. *John Viscount Rochford*, by the King's command,
W' arrest you here, of capital, high treason.

Queen. Hear heav'n! my brother slain into the snare!

Card. And 'tis his pleasure, that you straight be sent
Close prisoner to the *Tower*, with the Lord *Norris*,

Who

Who is suspected with you to be guilty
Of the same bainous crime. Guards! seize his person.

Roch. Base villain! traytor! *Woolsey!* say, for what?

Queen. No matter. Let a woman teach thee courage:
Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wise decree
Above who gave us with a liberal hand,
And fate us on the highest spoke of greatness,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down——

Well, whose turn's next? come, dart your worst, my Lords,
And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I;
I did expect you would begin with me!

Card. Most royal Madam, oh! I wish the King
Had chosen some less unwilling than our selves,
To execute this most detested office.

In witness of it, on our knees, with tears
And sorrow, we our sad commission tell:

[*Kneels.*

It is the King's most fatal pleasure too,
That you be sent a prisoner to the *Tower*,
And thence, immediately to both your tryals.

[*Rises.*

Roch. Tryal! oh her wrong'd innocence! for what?

Queen. No more, dear brother; let us both submit,
And give heav'n thanks, and our most gracious King;
For I'm not so presumptuous of my virtue;
But think, dear *Rochford*, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring lives,
Something, for which we justly merit death.
Though not, perhaps, the thing we are accused of.

Enter the King in a fury, with letters in his hand. Attendants and Guards.

Card. The King is here!

Queen. Then he is merciful.

King. Where is this woman? this most abhorr'd of wives!
This scandal to her sex, my crown and life!
What, by your minion? oh good natur'd husband!
Down on your knees, and thank me for the favour——
See—— here are letters fall'n into my hands,
Where your dear brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[*Gives the letters to the Queen.*

Oh thou more damn'd, and more insatiate far,

Than

Than *Messalina*. She was chaste, to thee.
Her, half the men and slaves of *Rome*,
Could satisfy; but thou, not all mankind,
With husband, brother, kindred in the number. [*She gives 'em*

Queen. Oh heav'nly pow'r! oh guard of innocence! [*Roch*.
What do I see and hear? O sacred Sir!

You took me to your royal bed, a hand-maid,
The most unworthy of the mighty favour;
Oh throw me into dungeons straight, or take
Away my life, that ne'er offended you:
Take all, in recompence, from *Anna Bullen*!
'Tis yours; but do not rob me of my fame,
Nor stain my virtue with so foul a guilt.

Roch. What's here? my amorous letters sent to *Blunt*!
Has she betray'd me?

King. I will hear no more—— [*To the Queen*.

Roch. Ah royal Sir, these letters I confess——

King. Damn thy hot lustful breath; thy poysonous tongue!
Here, take 'em hence, to tortures, racks, to death.

Queen. O Sir! I am prepar'd for any death;
For worse than death, a thousand, thousand torments;
And if you think 'em all not pain enough,
Here, take advice of *Woolsey*; he'll instruct you;
Tell you, how you may plague this hated body;
But do not think that I'm so loath'd a creature.

King. Quick; take away thy hands, or I will force thee——

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've sworn the truth:
For, by th' unspotted babe within the womb,
That yet lies wrapt in innocence, unborn;
By injur'd truth, by souls of martyr'd saints,
By you, my Lord, my husband, and my King!
And by the King of Kings, the King of heav'n,
I'm wrong'd! ah royal, gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd.

King. Unhand me; or I'll spurn thee from thy hold——

Seize, seize on *Piercy*——By my life, who begs [*To the Guards*.

In his behalf's a traitor, worse than he—— [*To North. who*

Here is another letter too, it is from *Norris*, *kneels*.

Who much commends your darling, secret beauties,

And sweetness of your lips; yet you are wrong'd!——

Here's notes of your musician too, that charm'd you.

Eternal

Eternal hell ! where's such another monster ?
 I have more horns than any forest yields,
 Than *Finsbury*, or all the city musters
 Upon a training, or a Lord Mayor's-day.
 Rise! and begone, thou fiend, thou forceress;
 Thy power, thy charms, like witch-craft, all have left thee.
 Go you incestuous twins, make haste and mingle
 Your soul, adulterous blood in death together——
 Oh, they're too long asunder. Why, dost weep!
 Go to thy death, and what's a greater pain,
 May heav'n, like me, see all those tears in vain.

[*Ex. King, Attendants.*

Roch. Ah sister! what dire fiends must punish *Rochford*:
 What will become of me, the cause of all?

Queen. Fear not. Heav'n knows thy innocence, and mine!
 What tho' we suffer here a little shame!
 'Tis to reward our souls above, and with
 Immortal restitution crown 'em there——
 We two liv'd in one mother's spotless womb;
 And then we scarce had purer thoughts than now!
 And shortly we shall meet together in
 One grave.

Roch. O say not so: death dare not be so cruel.

Queen. Cease brother, cease; say not a word in answer;
 But lead me, like a valiant man, to chains.
 Come, let's prepare—— But first my pomp adieu!

[*Kneels, and lays down her crown.*

From heav'n I did my crown and life receive,
 And back to heav'n both crown and life I'll give;
 And thus, in humble posture, lay it down
 With greater joy than first I put it on.
 And now I tread more light, and see from far
 A beamy crown, each diamond a star.
 But oh, you royal martyrs! cease a while
 Your crying blood, that else must curse this isle;
 Of the *Imperial* ask it with my pray'r;
 For you are still the nearest angels there:
 Then *Richard, Edwards, Henry*, all make room,
 The first of slaughter'd *English Queens* I come;
 Let me amongst your glorious, happy train,
 Free from this hated world, and traitors reign.

[*Rises.*

[*Ex. ambo.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Card. **L** Uckiest of omens! do I meet my *Juno*!

My fair, illustrious partner in revenge!

Come, tell the news that your glad eyes proclaim:

Speak, by thy looks, I know it must be well.

Is she condemn'd? shall *Rome* be absolute?

Shall *Woolsey* reign, and shall my *Blunt* be Queen?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy function;
Greatest that e'er adorn'd this robe, it is.

These eyes saw the bright *English* sun eclips'd,

And what is more, eclips'd by thee and me,

Cast by her awful judges from her height,

Guilty and sham'd, as *Lucifer* from heav'n,

And forc'd to beg it, as the mildest sentence,

To lose her head.

Card. Then there's an end of *Bullen*.

Blunt. And what to see, gave me the greater joy;

Those letters counterfeited by the fool

Her brother, were the strongest proofs against her;

So the same papers which by your advice

I got convey'd into her cabinet,

Were the substantiall'st circumstances found

For which she dies.

Card. O just and sacred rage,

Revenge! thou greatest Deity on earth!

And woman's wit the greatest of thy council.

Blunt. We ought to veil before your priestly robe;

My crown of wit shall ne'er stand candidate

With yours; and yet I dare be bold to say,

This I, and malice would have done alone,

Without the mighty aid of *Woolsey's* brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by fate, nor *Woolsey*,

But take the vanquish'd crown from *Bullen's* head,

And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,

My gracious *Woolsey*, I will so reward you.

Enter to them Piercy.

Pier. Blackness eternal cover all the world!

In-

Infernal darkness, such as *Ægypt* felt,
When the great Patriarch curs'd the fatted land,
And with a word extinguisht all the light.

Blunt. See, *Piercy's* here! more mad than we are joyful:
Does't not make young the blood about thy heart,
T' see that our revenge not singly hits,
But, like a chain-shot carries all before it?

Card. Let us avoid him—— you intend to see
The Queen receive her death: but I, to hide
The pleasure that perhaps the sight would give me,
Will pass this day at *Esher*, like a mourner.

Pier. Behold, the sun shines still; instead of darkness,
Yon azure blue's unspeckled with a cloud;
The face of heav'n smiles on her as a bride,
The day, the sun sits mounted on his chariot,
And darts his spiteful beams in scorn of pity;
'Bates not a jot of the illustrious pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her wedding-day:
Heav'n looks like heav'n still, nature as'twas,
Men, beasts, and devils; every thing that lives,
Conspires, as pleas'd at *Anna Bullen's* fall.
Behold, just powers! the curses of the land!
Stay you amphibious monsters, priest, and devil! [*To the Card.*
And strumpet, if it can be, worse than both! *and Blunt.*
You far more dreadful pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easie man, and all mankind:
Thou fatal woman thou! and serpent thou!
By whose sole malice (oh that heav'n should let it!)
A greater innocence this day is fallen,
Than ever blest the walks of paradise.

Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just Lords the judges of her cause,
Whom your base malice wrongs—— But I'm above it——
Farewel. [*Ex. Card. and Blunt.*

Pier. Bold traitors! hell-hounds! hear me first;
Stay you infectious dragons; do you fly!
Does *Anna Bullen's* chastity and virtue,
Writ in this angry forehead, make you start — [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana to him.

What, the fair, wrong'd *Diana's* face in tears!

Can

Can *Anna Bullen's* miseries attract
The noblest of compassion, pity from
A rival's breast! thou wonder of thy sex!
How far more wretched mak'st thou *Piercy* still,
When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
And I, so very little have to pay!

Dian. What rocky-heart could have refrain'd from pity,
To see the sight that I did? any thing,
But man, most cruel mankind, would have griev'd;
Tygers and panthers would have wept to see her;
And her base judges, had they not been men,
Would have bemoan'd her like departing babes.

Pier. Is *Rochford* too condemn'd?

Dian. Alas! he is.

Rochford and *Norris* both, receiv'd their sentence,
And both behav'd themselves like gallant men——
But for the Queen! ah *Piercy*, such bright courage,
No thought can dictate, nor no tongue relate,
When she was tax'd with that unnatural crime,
Adultery with her brother; ('tis a sin
That e'er it should be nam'd.) At first she started,
And soon an innocent, not guilty, red
Adorn'd her face, and fainted it with tears;
But straight conceiving it a fault, she smil'd,
Wip'd off the drops, and chid the blush away.

Pier. When I am dead, may my sad tale be blest,
And have no other tongue, but thine, to tell it.

Dian. Then with the meekness of a saint she stood;
With such amazing oratory dazled,
And like the sun, darted quite through her judges,
And sham'd their guilt, that none durst look upon her:
But oh! what's destin'd in the blackest pit
Of hell; what innocence can ne'er withstand.
What e'er she said, that angels cou'd not finer,
And shew'd a soul, no crystal nigh so clear;
Tho' all appear'd to be the plot of devils;
Yet was she guilty found, and, oh, sad *Piercy*!
(May all eyes weep at it, like thine and mine)
Condemn'd to lose her head.

Pier. Hell dare not think it.

E

Dian.

Dian. The cruel Duke of *Norfolk*, her relation,
As steward for the day, pronounc'd the sentence.

Pier. And my hard hearted father too was there.

Dian. My Lord! what said you? your hard hearted fa-
Oh blotted let it be from all records, [ther?

And never be in *England's* annals read,
What I'm about to tell you. Her own father;
The Earl of *Wiltshire*, fate amongst her judges!

Pier. O monster damn'd! than cruel *Titan* worse,
That eat up his own issue as he got 'em.

Dian. Behold, the King! all knees, are bent, all hands,
All good men's eyes lift up to heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the world.

Pier. Make use of all thy woman's art to win him;
Let all petition him that share her blood,
Matrons, wives, virgins, all the charming sex.

Dian. Do you withdraw. You but incense the King—
I've yet a soft experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn nature to the quick.

Pier. That angel, th'art inspir'd with prosper thee. [Exe.
Enter King and Attendants.

King. *Piercy*! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?

[To the Guards who go out to seize *Piercy*.

Now by the sacred crown of *England's* Monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon pain of death? [To Petitioners.

What's here? a list of base Petitioners?

For *Norris* life! hell and confusion seize 'em

Have I not like a rock against the seas,

And mountain 'gainst the winds stood thus unshaken,

Deny'd all *England's* prayers, and tears of angels?

Nay more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs

For my dear *Anna Bullen's* life? and shall I

Pardon a slave before I would my Queen?

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel?

North. I met my son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the Guards were ready to obey,
And execute your fatal orders on him.
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist;

As they were striving to put by his sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his arms,
And on his breast received a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble prayers, that his disaster
Would mitigate your present and just fury,
And grant my son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so,

Enter Dian. leading in the young Princess Elizabeth, with Wom.

Dian. Pardon this bold intrusion in your presence.
Your daughter, Sir, this little Princess here,
Possess'd with woman's rage, and far above
The little sparkling reason of a child,
Scream'd for her father; where's my father, said she;
And as we brought her to you, still she cry'd,
Unless she saw her father, she wou'd die.

King. What wouldst thou have, my little Betty, say?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not frown,
And cry aloud, hough? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do. Come, let me take thee in my arms—

Child. No: but I'll kneel: for I must be a beggar,
And I have learn't, that all who beg of you,
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest innocence!

King. Well then, what is't my little pratler, say?

Child. I'm told that straight my mother is to die,
Yet I have heard you say, you lov'd her dearly:
And will you let her die, and me die too?

King. She must die, child; there is no harm in death;
Besides the law has said it, and she must.

Child. Must! is the law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry my pretty Betty:
For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go
To heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm sure she'll go to heav'n.

King. How art thou sure?

Child. Some body told me so
Last night when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man, like my Godfather Cranmer.

Card. Ay! there's the egg that hatcht this cockatrice?

Child. Pray father, what's that huge, tall, bloody man?
I ne'er saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frighted me. He looks for all
The world, just like the picture of the Pope.

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?

Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must my dear;
He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go, y'are a little heretick.

Child. A heretick!

Pray father, what does that bold fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why, that's one that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong religion.

Child. Then I'm no heretick: for I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your child.
Dear father, will you save my mother's life?

King. You must not call me father: for they say,
Y'are not my daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you so? that ugly old, bald Priest?
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my father?

King. How art?

Child. 'Cause I love none so well as you——
But oh you'll never hear me what I have to say,
As long as he, that devil there, stands by
Your elbow.

King. Ha! what devil?

Child. That red thing there.

King. Oh child; he is no devil, he's a Cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long coat then?
Unless it be to hide his cloven feet?

Card. Sir, all's design'd by *Cranmer* for the Queen,
Of whom sh'as learnt this lesson like a parrot.

King. Take her away. I were a fool indeed,
If women's tears, and children's idle prattle,
Should change my fixt resolves, and cheat my justice——
Away with her.

Child.

Child. Oh, but they dare not :

Father, will you not let your *Betty* kiss you ?

Why do you let 'em pull me from you so ?

I ne'er did anger you :

Pray save my mother, dear King-father do ;

And if you hate her, we will promise both,

That she and I will go a great, huge way,

And never see you more.

King. Unloose her ; hough !

Hence with her straight : I will not hear her prate

Another word. Go, y'are a naughty girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd when I am grown a woman,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry, hough, too. [*Ex. Dian. Prin. Wom.*]

King. Ha ! spirit !

Mount all the draw-bridges, and guard the gates,

Then bring the prisoners forth to execution :

Norris, and *Rochford* first, and then the Queen :

My Lord *Northumberland*, be it your task :

Dispatch my orders straight, and fetch the traytors —

What's this that gives my soul a sudden twich ?

And bids me not proceed. Ha ! is't compassion !

Shall pity ever fond the breast of *Harry* !

'Tis but a slip of nature, and I'll on.

Think on thy wrongs ; the wrongs her lust has done thee,

And sweep away this loath'd incestuous brood,

As heav'n would drive a plague from off the land :

Think thou shalt have thy *Seymour* in thy arms,

Who shall restore thy loss with double charms :

And tho' my *Bullen* sets this night, and dies,

Seymour, next morn, like a new sun shall rise. [*Ex. K. Attend.*]

North. With an unwilling heart, I take this office.

And heav'n, if *Anna Bullen's* innocent,

Forgive me, since it is my King's command.

My breast is sad, and tender for her, all ;

Tho' *Piercy* ne'er can rise, but by her fall —

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may see

My sister e'er I dye, to part with her ?

Lieut. There is my Lord *Northumberland*, he'll tell you.

Roch. My Lord, y'are come to see a wretched pair

Of *Ormond's* issue leave this fatal world.

Shall we not meet, and take our last farewell?

North. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the scaffold.
Then your turn follows; but before that time,
I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, heav'n, my passion, and my crime,
For nature's choice of a wrong, fatal object,
Loving too well, what in effect was ill.

O all you strict idolaters of beauty!

You fond, severe adorers of that sex,

Who think that all their vices cannot center

In one vile woman's breast; see, and repent!

Behold 'em all together

In the infernal *Blunt*, in her they're fix'd.

Thus have they all been curst, and thus they all

Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I.

Enter Queen going to execution all in white: Diana,

Women in mourning; Guards.

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my fate?
To a more glorious, happy marriage-bed,
And my eternal coronation day——

What, *Piercy's* father! must he do the office?

Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

North. Madam! it is the King's severe command,
That I attend your Majesty to th' scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd that
Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd—— [title:

I should have been, if malice had not reign'd,

Your *Piercy's* wife, the scope of my ambition:

I ne'er had then been mounted to a throne;

Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Roch. Mind this you rocky world, and mourn in chaos.
Such words as these the heav'ns must weep to hear,
And make yon marble roof dissolve in tears.

Queen. What! do you weep? to see your mistress glory!
That she shall straight wipe off the stain on earth
She bears, with an unspotted fame in heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I soon shall go;
By the illustrious pomp I long to meet,

The sacred, just rewards of injur'd truth;
Acquaint this noble Lord, and all here present,
If e'er you saw in all my nights, or days,
Or in my looser hours of mirth and humour,
The smallest sign of that most horrid guilt
That I'm condemn'd for?— Why, are you all dumb?
If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,
Proclaim it when I'm dead, to all the world,
That heav'n may bar the gates of bliss against me,
And throw me to the blackest of hell's dungeons,
Where all dissemblers at their death shall howl.

Wom. Alas! most gracious Mistress, none can wish
Themselves more innocent for death than you.

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy brother too!
Oh shew me not suspected, nor thy self
So guilty, by such softness— Learn of me!
This breast that's petrify'd by constant woes!
By all my wrongs, m' injustice, and my cause,
Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of joy.
Who grieves to leave the world, shall never come
Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Roch. Tho' I am innocent, my fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a common, 'tis a fatal sign,
We weep when we are born: but it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From these prophetick eyes there gusht a shower,
When *Harry* gave his faithless hand to me;
And on my coronation day the like,
My boding heart another tribute rack'd,
Methought there sate a mountain on my head,
The curses of wrong'd *Katherine* weigh'd me down;
And made my crown indeed a massy crown.

Roch. Deny me not a little tender grief,
For every drop of blood that's to be shed,
Of that inestimable mass of thine,
My soul must rack a thousand years in hell.

Queen. Forbear such words— You have not injur'd me!
I might as well tax providence, as you:
For heav'n, that heard the perjury of villains,

Might, if it pleas'd, have chok'd 'em with its thunder,
 Or sent 'em with a lightning blast to hell !
 But he has bent their rage another way, [*One whispers* Nor.
 And on their malice we shall safely mount,
 As on a cherubin to heav'n.

North. My Lord,
 You must prepare ; a messenger is come,
 Who brings the news that *Norris* is beheaded.

Queen. Alas ! unhappy *Norris* ! art thou dead ?
 Yet why do I do much wrong to pity thee ?
 Thou'rt happier by some moments now than I.

Roch. Come ! lead me to my rest, my rest from wrongs,
 Now, *Anna Bullen*, teach me all thy courage ;
 Thy innocence, that makes the heav'ns amaz'd :
 And the more guilty angels blush to see.
 Help me to pass this *Rubicon* of parting,
 This mid-way gulph that hangs 'twixt earth and sky !
 Then that blest region, all beyond is mine,
 And *Cæsar* was not half so great as I.

Queen. Go ! be a lucky harbinger for me ;
 Tell all the saints, and cherubins, and martyrs,
 Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
 Till it shall reach the high, *Imperial* ear,
 That *Anna Bullen* is a coming straight.

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying brother first ?
 One father and one mother gave us birth ;
 And one chaste, innocent nature's bed inclos'd us —
 These are our parent's arms, and so are thine.
 Then all you saints above, and men below,
 Bear witness, and I vow it on my death,
 It is the greatest, first, and only favour
 I e'er receiv'd from *Anna Bullen's* person.

Queen. In spite of scandal, malice, and the world ;
 Nay, were the King and our vile judges by,
 Since heav'n is satisfy'd it is no sin ;
 I will embrace thee, think I've in my arms,
 Both father, mother, sister, brother, all ;
 And envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let thy soul into my bosom fly ;
 That I may feel the stroke of death for thee ;

And

And when the fatal ax hangs o'er thy head,
O may it lull thee, and not strike thee dead;
Softer than infants dreams, or with less pain,
Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again—— [Ex. Roch. to ex-

Queen. So, this is past and vanquish'd! but behold *cution.*
A greater yet—— Now I begin to dread——

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and Women.
Ah kind *Diana*, wonderful and good!
The pity that thou shew'st thy dying friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Dian. Ah royal Mistrets! *England's* falling star!
Best pattern that e'er earth receiv'd from heav'n——
I need not fear these eyes should see you dye.
For e'er that time, just grief shall strike me dead;
Or torrents of these tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my arms, and let me kiss her,
For 'tis the last kind office you will do me.
Now let me press thy little coral-lips
With my dead pale ones now! and oh let me
Infuse some of thy mother's latest breath,
In blessings on thy tender, blooming soul——
What's this that tempts me with a mother's fondness!
To break my resolution, and upbraids me,
That I must leave thee to a father's rage,
And yet more cruel enemies to both?
Leave thee a lamb, 'mongst wolves; for all who've been
Thy mother's foes will certainly be thine.

Dian. Tygers, nor devils! or what's more inhumane;
Envy of mankind cannot be so curst.

Queen. See, see *Dianna*! by my wrongs it weeps,
Weeps like a thing of sense, and not a child;
Like one well understood in grief; the tears
Drop sensibly in order down its cheeks;
And drowns its pretty speech in thoughtful sorrow.
Nothing could shoot infection through my breast,
But this; and this has done it——

Why weeps my child? ah, what a question's that!

Dian. Behold! how't strives; and betwixt tears and throbs,
It it could form a language, it would speak.

Queen. Strive not for words, my child; these little drops
Are

Are far more eloquent than speech can be—
 Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind
Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen;
 When I am dead, as shortly I shall be,
 Take this poor babe, and carry't to the King;
 Its lips just pregnant with its mother's fondness,
 Perhaps he'll take her then into his arms;
 And tho' the favour were to me deny'd;
 Steal there a kiss of mine.

Say, 'tis the last request of *Anna Bullen*—

North. Remove the little Princess
 To her apartment, where we straight will come.
 And wait on her, as is the Queen's command.

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,
 And with this kiss, that now must be my last,
 Unlock a secret, which heav'n dictates to me.
 If e'er there is a light that does transcend
 Dark, humane knowledge in the breast of man,
 Fate to foresee, there is a light at death,
 And that now bids me speak. Thou, little child,
 Shalt live to see thy mother's wrongs o'er-paid
 In many blessings on thy woman's state.
 From this dark calumny, in which I set,
 As in a cloud, thou, like a star, shalt rise,
 And awe the southern world: that holy tyrant,
 Who binds all *Europe* with the yoke of conscience,
 Holding his feet upon the necks of Kings;
 Thou shalt destroy, and quite unloose his bonds,
 And lay the monster trembling at thy feet.
 When this shall come to pass, the world shall see
 Thy mother's innocence reviv'd in thee.

[*Ex. Women with the Princess: Eliz.*

North. Madam! with greater pain to me than racks,
 I'm forc'd to let you know your brother's dead:
 And that, alas! you must prepare.

Queen. My Lord!
 I thank you, you mistake your noble office;
 It is the voice of angels to wrong'd martyrs;
 The sound of cherubs trumpeting from heav'n—
 I've heard it said, amongst our many ends,

Beheading

Beheading is the mildest death of any.
 It it be so; I thank my gracious Lord;
 For I was never us'd to pain—How say you?

North. We cannot wish you less, since y'are to die.
 And if the heads-man do as he's commanded,
 'Twill be no more, than 'tis to drop asleep.

Queen. My Lord, I've but a little neck;
 Therefore I hope he'll not repeat his blow;
 But do it, like an artist, at one stroke.

North. There is no fear. He has particular order.

Queen. Then let me go; heav'n chides my fond delay—
 But tell the King, I say it as I just
 Am going to die; I both forgive, and bless him,
 And thank him as my kindest Benefactor—
 First from an humble Maid he lifted me
 To Honour; then he took me to his Bed,
 The highest statethat I could be on earth;
 And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
 Enough for me, has mounted me to heav'n—

North. Mr. Lieutenant on, and lead the way.

Queen. If 'tis no sin to skip one moment now
 Of what belongs to heav'n; let me remember
 Poor *Piercy* once—Here, take this innocent kifs,
 A Token to you both—'Tis thine and his—
 Farewel! *Diana.* Farewel to you all.

Dian. A long farewel to all our sexes glory.

Queen. Weep not for me; but hear my dying sentence.
 Any that shall hereafter fall like me.

Falsly accus'd by wicked men and traytors;
 Tho' in this world y'are great, in Virtue strong;
 Never blaspheme, and say that heav'n does wrong;
 Nor think an undeserved death is hard;
 For innocence is still its own reward.

And when th' Almighty makes a saint, sometimes
 He acts by Contraries, and villains crimes,
 Whilst thus, their malice always cheated is,
 And leads us but the nearest way to blifs.

[*Ex. Queen to execution, with Northumberland and guards.*

Enter Piercy alone.

Pier. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now

A doing, else what means this sudden gloom
 Clad o're the morning sky, and all mankind:
 All pass with horror by, with frighted looks and voice
 Lift up to heav'n, who sees and hears in vain;
 Then shake their melancholy heads like time:
 A general consternation seizes all,

As if the universal Empress of the world,
 Nature it self, were fled with *Anna Bullen*——

*Enter a gentleman with a handkerchief stain'd with the
 Queen's blood.*

Hast thou beheld this great eclipse of virtue?
 Speak, is the Queen beheaded? Hast thou done
 As I commanded?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
 Swift as a Whirlwind, through the Crowd I rush't,
 And, as the blood from their rich Vessels drain'd,
 This linen with the sacred crimson stain'd.

Pier. Give't me! and leave me to my self a moment.
 Now sacred drops, now heavenly nectar, first
 I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying thirst——
 What's this! I feel my soul beat at my wound,
 And bid me to remember now's the time;
 Now to let out life's navigable stream,
 And mix it with this most celestial flood,
 Thus, as kind rivers to their ocean run.
 First I'll descend by just degrees to earth,
 Thus on my knees, and wing my soul to heaven, [*Kneels.*
 Where *Anna Bullen* waits her *Piercy's* coming;
 And with this bloody sign the powers implore,
 Like a poor wretch, ship-wrackt on some lone-shoar,
 Who spies a sail far off, waves'em his hand
 To come, and waft him from the barren land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*——By those tears,
 Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Dian. Alas! my lord, what have you done?
 Your wound does bleed afresh!
 Your looks are alter'd! all those masculine Beauties,
 That shone in your illustrious face, and made
 The noblest brave epitomy of mankind,

Are

Are vanisht on a sudden, and you hang
Like a pale carcass on my trembling arms——
Hah! let me run and call for help——I'll fetch
Your father, fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Pier. O bear me to some horrid desert rather,
Where naught but Tygers, Wolves, and Panthers breed,
They are more merciful than King or parent.
I feel, like the wrong'd *Patriarch*, a desire
To do some fatal mischief with my end.
Stand by me; and correct me with thy virtue,
Else I shall lose the duty of a son,
And subject; do a rashness to be fam'd for,
Pull down a show'r of curses on the heads
Of this *Philistin*-King, and cruel father.

Dian. Still, still your looks grow paler, and your strength
Decays! Oh let me call some help. Who's there?

Pier. Grief, like a subtle limbeck, by degrees,
With still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,
And steals by drops my blood and spirits away.
But first *Diana*, I'll be just to thee——
I doubt if I have strength to rise again——

[*She raises him upon his knees.*]

My father made me vow to be your husband;
If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Dian. You faint, you sink, you die; some creature help——

Pier. Go, strive to lave the water of the sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,
And so are *Esculapius* remedies to me——
Look, see'st thou this, as long as I have this,

[*Shows the handkerchief.*]

This here, to waft me o'redeaths dreadful main,
I need no sword, no poison, nor no pain.

Dian. What's that I see? Your blood? Your vital blood!

Pier. Yes! Of a heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now my blood, my crowd of spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their standard fall.

Dian. Why stand I here, like marble made of woe,
And run not for the cure of both our lives?
For shou'd I stay, I shall betray my love

In

In dying with him.

[*Exit Diana running.*]

Pier. Thus when the generous lyon sees the blood
Of his once royal master shed like this;
Taking the lawn, stain'd with imperial gore,
At first he frowns, and then begins to roar.
Lashes his sides; his fiery eye-balls rolls,
And with his awful voice revenge he calls;
Till finding no relief, at length he's mute,
And weeps, tears falling from the kingly bruit;
Then gently on it, as his death-bed lies,
And with a groan, breaks his stout heart, and dies. [*Dies.*]

Enter Northumberland, and gentlemen.

Gentl. He's dead! alas, he's dead! w're come too late!

North. Here let me fix till my gray-hairs shall rot,
Or turn to snakes, to plague this aged head;
And never more be lookt on to upbraid me!
This is a punishment for what my eyes
Unpitying saw; and now I feel, dear *Piercy*,
Thy father's curses on his own head turn,
And thou art blest, and I alas, forlorn.

Enter King, Lords, attendants, and guards.

King. Whom mournst thou over? whose dead body's that?

North. 'Tis *Piercy's*: You and all good men shou'd weep,
For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a son.

King. Thy tongue's too bold! are all the traitors dead?

North. *Norris*, and *Rockford*, and th'unhappy Queen,
Were all beheaded in one fatal hour;
Yet all the traytors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou?

Say! Who has scap'd?

North. The haughty *Blunt*, deckt with
Her proudest ornaments of gold and jewels,
Came to behold their ends upon the scaffold,
And saw 'em with a hellish cruelty;
Till *Anna Bullen's* head lopp'd from her body;
The brightest ornament of that person tell
Upon that wretched womans knees, as she
Was sitting to behold the dismal sight:
The trunkless head with darting eyes beheld her,
Making a motion with its lips to speak,

As

As if they meant t'upbraid her cursed treason.
When streight the dreadful accident so struck her,
Swift as a hind she gave a leap, and with
A sudden shriek, she started into madness,
So fierce, that just and speedy death must follow;
Then uttering strange, and horrid guilty speeches,
In her distraction she accus'd her self,
And *Woolsey*: Talkt the Queen was innocent;
Saying, the letters found within her closet
Were false, and plac'd by them to ruin her:
For which her cruel ghost, she said, did haunt her.

King. Where is the traytor *Woolsey*?

North. Fled to *Essex*.

King. Go you in person, and secure the villain!
Many foul causes claim his forfeit life;
But if I find him guilty in the least,
Of a contrivance with this cursed woman;
(Though the Queen justly merited her end)
I'll rack his soul out with a thousand tortures.

North. 'Twill be some joy to my revenge and *Piercy's*.

King. For thy sons death, thy King shall be a mourner—
Now heav'n vouchsafe to pardon till this time,
What I by sycophants advice have done,
I will be absolute, and reign alone:
For where's a statesman fam'd for just and wise;
But makes our failings, still, his aim to rise?
If subjects thus their Monarchs wills restrain;
'Tis they are Kings; for them we idly reign:
Then I'll first break the yolk; this maxim still
Shall be my guide (*A Prince can do no ill!*)
In spite of slaves, his genius let him trust;
For heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him just.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Well, Sirs! your kind opinion now, I pray,
 Of this our neither Whig nor Tory-play;
 To blow such coals our conscious muse denies;
 Wit, sacred wit, such subjects should despise.
 The author says his Heliconian stream,
 Is not yet drain'd to such a low extream,
 To abuse one party with a curs'd play,
 And bribe the other for a large third day.
 Like Gladiators then, you straight resort;
 And crowd to make your Nero-faction sport.
 But what's more strange, that men of sense shou'd do it!
 For worrying one another, pay the Poet:
 So Butchers at a baiting, take delight,
 For him that keeps the Bears, to roar and fight;
 Both friends and foes, such authors make their game,
 Who have your money, that was all their aim:
 No matter for the play, nor for their wit;
 The better farce is acted in the pit.
 Both parties to be cheated, well agree;
 And swallow any nonsense, so it be
 With faction fac'd, and guilt with loyalty.
 Here's such a rout with whigging and with torying,
 That you neglect your dear-lov'd sin of whoring:
 The visor-mask, that ventur'd her half-crown,
 Finding no hopes but here to be undone;
 Like a cast mistress, past her dear-delight,
 Turns godly straight, and goes to church in spite;
 And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
 To find more cullies in a conventicle.
 We on the stage stand still, and are content,
 To see you act what we should represent.
 You use us like the women that you woe;
 You make us sport, and pay us for it too.
 Well, we're resolv'd that in our next play-bill,
 To print as large a tryal of your skill;
 And that five hundred monsters are to fight,
 Then more will run to see so strange a sight,
 Than the Morocco, or the Muscovite.



